JOHN BULL, week ending August 28, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1941

3D EVERY THURSDAY

A CASE FOR SPEED By The EDITOR

LIFE OR DEATH SEE-SAW

WHERE ARE WE GOING? By A.G.G.

No medals for Mother

Her cares are many
her tasks beyond number.
Every hour, every minute
She is on duty—
She sees the children off to school
She makes the meals . . . She makes the beds—
and the planes !
Sees to the laundry
and the lathe.
Fills the shell—and the shopping basket, a tiring business these days.
Cuts sandwiches for her man going on night duty—
and wakes at once if her child cries in the night.
Tired yet tireless,
She holds the fort of the family;
the citadel of the hearth.
She has no medals, only the pride
of working and striving
beside her menfolk
in a great enterprise—
to save the homes
and the children
of all the world.

* * * *

The women of Britain are making enormous contributions to the war effort—not least of these is what they are doing for Savings. *We thank them . . .*

Save for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee

FOOD FACTS

APPLE HARVEST

Apples are plentiful, and it's grand to serve delicious apple sweets to the family. Eat all you can, revel in apple fool, apple tart, and apple dumpling; but think also of the Winter months ahead when fruit is unobtainable, and *for every pound of apples you eat now preserve another pound for future eating.* Winter meals will prove less of a problem if the larder is stocked with apple pulp, apple rings, apple and ginger jam, and apple chutney. Make the most of the apple harvest.

APPLE PULP

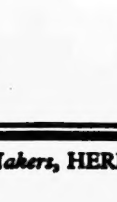
This is a quick, easy way of preserving apples. A large quantity of fruit can be stored in each jar and used later on for making into jam or apple puddings.

Peel and core apples and remove any blemished parts. Stew in a saucepan with just enough water to prevent burning until fruit is cooked through. While still boiling pour into *hot* bottles and seal immediately with hot lids. When using a screw-band give a half turn back to allow for expansion. Now immerse the bottles in a pan of hot water which must be raised to boiling point and boiled for five minutes. Take out bottles to cool. Test next day. Remove screw-band or clip: if seal is perfect it should be possible to lift jar by the lid. If lid comes off re-sterilise or use at once. For sweetened pulp follow method given above, but add a little sugar to fruit before it is brought to the boil.

APPLE RINGS

Here's a way of keeping apples that can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit.

Wipe the apples, remove the cores and peel thinly, cutting out any blemishes. Slice into rings about ¼ inch thick. Steep the rings for ten minutes in water containing 1½ oz. of salt to the gallon. Thread the rings on sticks or canes to fit across the oven or spread on trays. Dry very slowly until the rings feel like chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 150° F. Turn once or twice during drying.



LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 163

OVERHEARD IN THE WARD

"... Things have changed a lot since I was a probationer—there's far less nonsense talked about the virtues of elbow-grease and the nobility of toil!"

"Well look at Matron here—she believes in every labour-saving device she can lay her hands on; and quite right too."

"I agree; and thank goodness she was able to get that ★Acme. I don't know what we should have done without it—there's no wash too big for it and the things come out so beautifully crisp and clean, and it works so easily."

"Well, when *I* set up house ...."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer will not be available again until after the war. Meanwhile, do not hesitate to borrow from the lucky folk who were in time to buy one.*

WHY CHOCOLATE WILL BE SCARCER

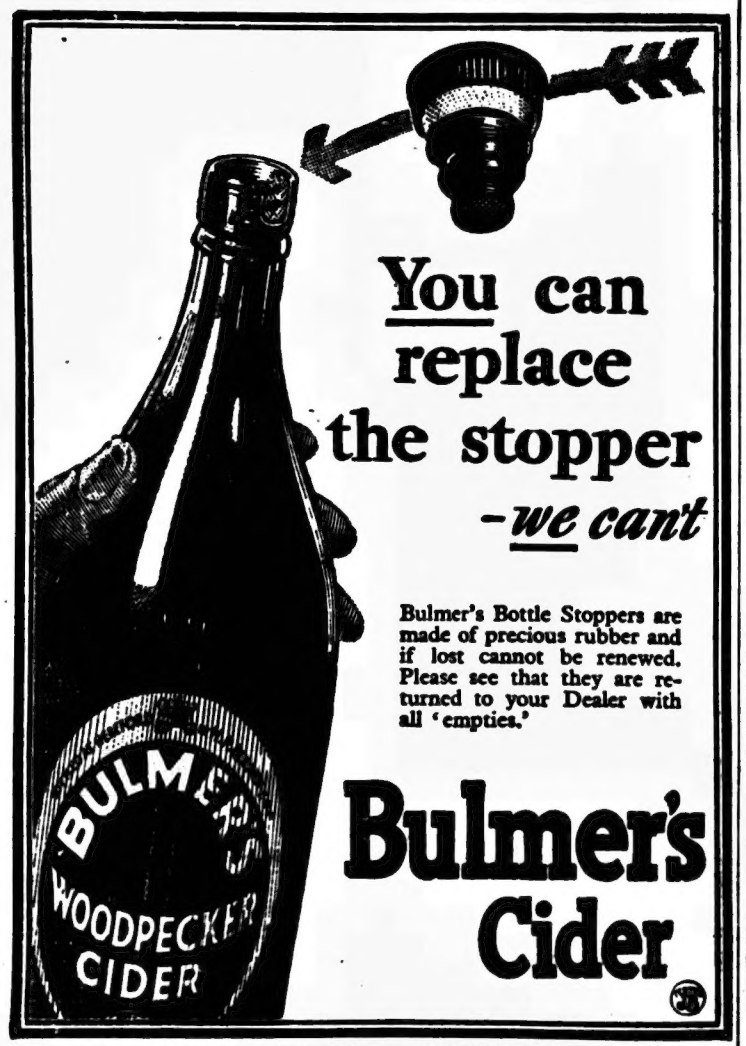
When the starving peoples of Europe are liberated, how can they be fed? What can we send them which will supply the deficiencies and restore them quickly to health and strength? Something which is not only a food in itself but is capable of retaining the full potency of added vitamins?

This was the problem Britain's food experts had to solve, and experiments were made with many kinds of food before they made their final choice—*chocolate.*

For many months big shipments of Cadbury's Chocolate, rich in vitamins, have been going to help to keep our Armies fighting fit. Now, in addition, a large part of the output of the Bournville and other chocolate factories will consist of special 2-oz. blocks for liberated Europe.

That is why you will get less chocolate in your ration.

CADBURY means Quality



You can replace the stopper —*we can't*

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. Please see that they are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., *Cider Makers*, HEREFORD

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times: if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B... and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals: you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists ! ! ! . 1/3, 3/- Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST ... the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST —It's *LIFE ITSELF!*

Make your sheets and towels last months longer this way

HOUSEHOLD linens are not always easy to replace these days—so you can't afford to risk wearing them out any sooner than you need!

Do remember that boiling and hard rubbing are terribly hard on linens and clothes. What's more, boiling simply *isn't necessary*, for you can soak clothes beautifully clean with Rinso in 12 minutes.

The method

Here's the way to do it. And remember, this is the wartime method, which uses less Rinso and less water. Run off half the usual amount of water—it should be hot, but not boiling. Into this sprinkle two-thirds the usual amount of Rinso and whisk up to a good lather.

Pop in your whites first and leave to soak for 12 minutes, being sure you have sufficient suds to cover the clothes when well pressed down. After a wash through and a couple of rinses, they're ready. Treat coloureds the same way, using the same suds.

Linens precious now

Do guard your household linen carefully now. Use the Rinso method next washday.

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons.

Rinso adds months of wear to linens

R 3180-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 28, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

TIME TO PAY

● Six million workers are trying to hustle the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They have the sympathy of millions more.

On behalf of those six millions, the T.U.C. is asking Sir Kingsley Wood to introduce its Pay-As-You-Go income tax plan "as soon as possible."

Employers, too, want a change "as soon as possible." They know that the present system is creating dissatisfaction and thereby reducing output.

Employers and employed alike, tired of always being in debt to the State for a year's tax, and resentful at having to pay on their "peak earnings" when their income may have fallen below average, are told that Sir Kingsley is agreeable to change—but his difficulty is to find a satisfactory method.

Well; he will now have a detailed new plan to submit to his experts.

And all of us will hope that he remind them that a decision is wanted *as soon as possible.*

Straight from the Shoulder

NEW FRONTS

ONLY the blind could fail to see the lengthening shadows cast by coming events.

Italy. Kharkov. Unprecedented bombing. Heavy reverses for the Japanese.

All these presage new campaigns far more momentous even than those of the past few weeks.

Grand Climax

To be sure of that you do not have to pretend to have been in the Prime Minister's confidence or the President's pocket as they planned the grand climax of the war.

Russia is emphatic in her demands that the Allies should open a Western *land* Front. And her arguments are so logical that we cannot answer them with anything but action in new theatres.

Wait a While?

Announcing that everything is ready for a real Second Front, a friendly Swedish paper predicts a thrust straight across the Channel—"the hardest but shortest way to Germany."

But it would be unwise to reckon on this as an immediate probability.

Why the Bombing?

The enemy, who still has quite a few 'planes left, no doubt knows more by his reconnaissance flights over Britain than it would be safe for us to discuss.

Presumably he has good reason to resume night bombing on our coasts—and to prepare his people for a "double Second Front."

Heavier Bombing

One of the decisions of the Quebec conference, it is clear, was to increase still further our terrific air attack as a prelude to invasion of the West.

Meanwhile, there will be land action elsewhere.

Three Armies

North Africa was our first "stake-all" test in difficult country, Sicily our first trial of large-scale amphibious warfare.

In those operations, American troops gained experience. So now Eisenhower and Alexander have *two* first-class armies ready for Italy or Southern France. Farther east, the British Ninth Army faces the Balkans.

Political Plans

The Casablanca schedule for their use was no doubt reviewed and expedited at Quebec.

But Roosevelt and Churchill must also have been concerned with political strategy.

The collapse of Fascism caught them unprepared. Had it been exploited promptly, Italy would have been forced out of the war within a few days and the Sicilian campaign brought to a quicker end.

United Strategy?

We mustn't lose such an opportunity again. Instead, we must create similar situations among Germany's smaller satellites—*and* the Nazis and Nipponese.

Only a united strategy by the United Nations can do that. For this reason, Eden and Sumner Welles could do far worse than to take a trip to Moscow.

JOHN BULL's consistent demands for an Anglo-Soviet-American conference find an echo in the Soviet Press. Such a meeting would have more than the Second Front to discuss!

Treating Franco Rough

It is wrong to suppose, incidentally, that Sir Samuel Hoare's flight to Corunna had any bearing on the Italian situation. Lisbon was the centre of Badoglio's diplomatic try-on.

Sir Samuel's trip was simply to tell Franco that there must be no more nonsense!

Time to Begin

Moreover, military action will go ahead. What has happened to Italy must not monopolise our attention: we should get on with the job of making the Balkans equally useless to Hitler.

Albania can be shaken free from Italian shackles. The Patriot armies of Greece and Yugoslavia await our coming. Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania are tottering.

Man-power and communication difficulties prevent the German High Command from rushing reinforcements to south-eastern Europe. There is prime need of them on the Eastern and Western Fronts.

In Peril

In the east, the Nazi reverse at Kharkov endangers the whole Donetz salient. The Russian artillery barrage at Orel was the fiercest the world had ever seen; that at Kharkov was even worse. Will the next be greater still?

That question must keep German generals awake at night. The answer is that Russian arms production is still mounting. Heavy though the Soviet losses have been, fresh divisions can be found to beat off Nazi counter-offensives.

And so far have the enemy lines receded that seven cinemas have been reopened in Stalingrad.

Maimed

In the Far East, MacArthur's "crippling blow" at Japanese air power is part of the softening-up process by which several lands are being wrested from enemy hands and which should be followed, this autumn, by a general offensive nearer the heart of the Jap empire.

Bigger Than Ever

The day is coming when Japan will hear an invasion prelude as loudly as do the European gangsters to-day.

The three great air forces based in Britain, N.W. Africa and the Middle East are operating on a scale that Goering could not have imagined in 1939. From Britain alone, 3,000 offensive sorties are being made a day: Hungary and Rumania quiver to the throb of Liberators and Fortresses.

More the Better

It has been said recently that the Allied armies must not rely on air power to win battles for them. Quite so. But neither must our armies go into battle without the most extensive air preparations within our strength.

We should be fools to deprive ourselves of the weapon by which the enemy subdued Europe, and without which we could not have won Africa and Sicily.

If the Quebec talks result in a sharpening of the edge of that weapon, therefore, the purely military plans should be all the more effective.

Looking to the Future

Already, preparations are wisely being made to extend air supply lines into Hitler's fortress within a few hours of the first bridgehead being established.

That, too, is wise. But would it not also be sensible to prepare bridgeheads for civil aviation?

New Ministry

If post-war chaos, jealousy and cut-throat competition are to be avoided, international agreements on the use of air transport must be reached during the war.

On our side a Ministry of Communications should be established to facilitate the full and proper use of transport services.

Muddle Remains

Distribution of goods at home is another problem which the Government has yet to tackle with vigour and imagination.

Therefore, scandals and muddles continue.

To take one example: Fishermen are asked to land all the fish they can. They do so—but the dealers refuse to buy at controlled prices. So the fish is left on the quayside to rot, and the queueing housewives in the big towns have to go away with empty baskets.

Reforms We Want

Now, if the Government is afraid to take bold action against fish dealers, can the public be confident that it will defeat the Bigger Business interests that oppose social reforms?

Promises of a Better World may be sincere. But they are not satisfying.

On the Shelf

To reconstruct the world we must have international agreement on the broad principles involved. That is no less necessary to the reconstruction of our own country.

And, in the case of our own land, we must proceed to erect the framework on which detailed plans can be based.

That framework consists of the Beveridge, Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow Reports. And they have all been tucked away on Whitehall shelves!

Mr. Morrison Again

If the Government thinks that "Out of sight, out of mind" is always a true adage, it will be sharply disillusioned when Service personnel and war workers are able to take a more active part in politics.

Mr. Morrison, in yet another of his shrewd speeches, has said that he wants men to return from the Forces as "hard-boiled thinkers."

We share his wish. But we think that they will demand a good deal more than some of Mr. Morrison's colleagues have been eager to give.

Chance for Compromise

Post Office workers have withdrawn their application for affiliation to the T.U.C. They have done so in order to facilitate the negotiations now in progress. And thereby they have shown a reasonableness that must be matched by the other side.

Equality

For this is a war, remember, in which "equality of sacrifice" is an official policy. And the workers have made plenty of sacrifices. They have a right to expect that the Government itself will be prepared to make concessions.

(Continued overleaf)

"THE FIRE GUARDS MAY BE PUT TO A SUPREME TEST"—

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., in announcing the new Fire Guard Orders

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE latest Ministry of Labour Order to save waste of workers by more check-ups on job-changers has been in force eight days.

In five of those days we've received twenty-five letters from readers, each describing cases of man-power waste.

Encouragement

Do we want labour—or don't we?

We ask because scores of thousands of people seem to be expected to work for little or nothing—or not work at all.

An old-age pensioner is just the man a Kentish farmer wants for the upkeep of his fences. The pensioner wanted to do the work, but he found that it meant his pension would be cut from 10s. to 4s. a week. He did what anyone else would do—threw up the job.

That Little Extra

Let's see what the whole niggling position is: Contributory old-age pensioners—that is, old people who were paying National Health when they reached pensionable age—cannot have their all-too-small pensions touched when they earn a little money.

Job for Wilfred

But the non-contributory pensioners are means-tested. Let them try to help in the factory or the field or anywhere else and their little pittances are impounded. Here's a job for Mr. Wilfred Paling, Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Pensions, and those who work with him. They can help to provide the all-important extra labour we need. And at the same time help to make old age a little more rosy.

In the Slump

Mr. Paling knows only too well why there are so many non-contributory pensioners.

They lost their jobs in the big slump—older people always suffer first when trade is bad. They had nobody to stamp their cards and couldn't afford their own contributions in any case.

Awful Truism

The result was they had to draw their pensions later—and put up with the scandalous treatment they are getting in this war.

As one of the good fellows who has interviewed hundreds of the old people says: "They're quite reconciled to the awful truism about money making money and bad luck making worse."

Misnomer

So much for the help the Ministry of Pensions could give in the last-lap drive for workers.

Now, what about the Ministry of Labour doing something else besides issuing Orders? Whoever added the last two words to the Ministry's war time title had a pretty sense of irony.

Work Wonder

So many of the officials seem to spend their time on national disservice. Because it is a disservice to keep people out of work these days.

Take the case of the twenty-year-old daughter of a Sutton-in-Ashfield reader.

Wrong Direction

She has been directed into the Land Army; directed out of it; directed into and out of the A.T.S. (through ill-health); directed to a hosiery factory where there wasn't a job vacant; and finally left without any work and without unemployment money.

The authorities say she can't claim benefit because she left work on her own account.

Your Reports

A week or two ago we pointed out that some local councils were doing unpleasant things these days—excluding Press and public on the pretence that things were being discussed which the enemy would want to hear about.

We asked readers to report instances of local decisions wrongly taken behind closed doors. They've done so.

Way Round

Big rises are being handed out to high permanent officials while the newspaper limelight is temporarily switched off.

If it's unsafe to give rises, the public in some districts is being bluffed by the trick of advancing a man's seniority—which means paying him at once what, according to contract, he should be entitled to draw in five or ten years' time.

That's not supposed to be a rise.

Hush-Hush

The same veil of secrecy is being used to victimise the not-so-influential.

Behind closed doors councils are offering men who have served in the armed forces of the Crown wages of £3 a week—and even less.

Requests from humble members of council staffs for increases of a few shillings a week have been rejected by councillors who wouldn't have dared to do it if the local reporters had been in their seats.

It is astonishing how boldly reactionary some local mandarins can be when they know their words won't appear in the county Press.

Little Hitlers

The secrecy, as we've said, is supposed to be so that the wicked Nazis won't be helped. Local councils would do well to realise that the trained journalists who attend their meetings can be relied on to make sure nothing useful gets to the enemy.

That's what they've been doing successfully in four years of voluntary censorship.

Purge Will Come

There's got to be a purge of local councils after this war.

On most of them there have risen little Hitlers who think they have unlimited power. There are permanent officials who are getting the same monstrous idea.

They'll have to be taught all over again that they are servants. Our servants—yours and ours.

Why Not Work for All?

We hate disagreeing with that fine fellow Sir Ian Fraser. But we must protest at his demand that, after the war, preference for jobs must go to Ex-Service men and women.

We won't remind him that munition workers, too, are doing their bit and will deserve consideration. The point is that, in peace as in war, the State must be made to provide jobs for all. And no "preferences" about it!

Black Sheep

You get a few black sheep in the fields. And a few more in the farmhouses.

A man farming 180 acres has surrounded himself with farming implements that would be a lot even for a man farming twelve times as much.

It all comes off income-tax, of course. And when the war is over, he will be left with the implements.

Inquiry Promised

Three Disgruntled Matelots (as they call themselves) have written to us from Tunisia to ask why such widely different prices are charged in different N.A.A.F.I. canteens.

They say that aboard ship prices are absolutely reasonable but recently ashore they have had to pay 7d. for a small tablet of toilet soap and 3½d. for a bar of chocolate marked "Controlled price: 2½d."

We've passed on these facts to the authorities, and they immediately promised a thorough investigation.

Needless Shock

Another letter from abroad gave a Birmingham reader and his wife an unnecessary shock the other day. It was an Air Mail letter from their son who's in the Navy.

It was edged with black and merely said above the address: "From H.M. Ship ——. Postage Paid."

The father and mother hesitated to open it. When they did, the first sentence of their son's message read: "Just to let you know I am all right and in the best of health. . . ."

Is it necessary to issue such funereal Air Mail forms on board ship?

He'd Answered

And is it necessary to send calling-up papers to the home of a man who has been missing at sea for two years? That's what has just happened in Fleetwood.

The call-up is for a seaman who's presumed to have gone down in a trawler. His widow has had calling-up papers before, and has sent them back.

It's time the authorities put an end to this sort of thing.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Evacuation of German government offices from Berlin is in full swing. Nazis want to keep it secret, but neutral sources have provided details about the mass flight.**
- *Ribbentrop insisted that the key departments of his Foreign Office should be installed in Salzburg, comfortably near his own castle, Fuschl, where he spends most of his time.*
- Goebbels was organising evacuation of his Propaganda Ministry to Vienna when Allied bombs fell too close to the Austrian capital to make life comfortable. He won't stay in Berlin, though.
- **Himmler, finally, has transferred most important records of the *Gestapo* to Prague, which, he hopes, will be spared.**
- *Meanwhile, Nazis are trying to counter Air-Marshal Coningham's statement that the "Luftwaffe is licked" with dark propaganda hints that over 1,500 fighters are held in readiness to prevent an Allied invasion in the West.*
- The real strength of Axis fighters in the West is known to the Allied command, and any concentration of the waning *Luftwaffe* squadrons may catch the Nazis on the wrong foot.

ONE READER

—a Torquay person—writes to protest against what is alleged to be our "sinister way of trying to get the middle class to back up the working class against the others," complains that we looked forward on this page to the abolition of one sort of education for the sons of gentlemen and another for the working and middle classes.

He (or she) criticises the scholarship children; praises private schools; and asks for freedom from encroachment by the workers "with their uncouth ways."

In a far from genteel scrawl our correspondent includes this masterpiece of hideous snobbery; "We of the proud, respectable, clean-spoken, clean living, Bible-reading middle classes will never associate with the unprincipled, blood-sucking working classes in anything."

We're sorry for the person who wrote that—a type of reader

WE DON'T WANT

Pay-up

Members of the N.F.S. in Glamorgan are suffering an inconvenience that should be abolished immediately.

They do the usual 48 hours on duty and 24 off, but when their watch finishes on Friday morning they have to hang about waiting for their pay.

Some of them are Londoners—married men who can't get money off to their wives in time for the week-end shopping. They have asked if Thursday can be pay day, but so far nothing has been done. Here's a good chance for Mr. Herbert Morrison to be reasonable about the fire service. For once.

Pottering

At the same time he might look into conditions at the Testwood training school near Southampton. An N.F.S. man tells us it costs about £200 a week to run, and that it's used for intensive courses for prospective leading firemen.

Something to look at!

But, as there aren't enough of these special candidates to fill the place, fifty pumps (each with a crew of five) are sent every fortnight. Those who're being trained for a stripe work hard. The ordinary pump crews potter about for six days with paint brushes, gardening tools or brooms.

Some men in the area get to Testwood every four months or so. Not very economical, is it, Mr. Morrison?

Soiled Property

People get surprising ideas about prices these days. An Essex Council was *very* surprised the other day when they were asked £300 for some land they wanted for road widening.

About forty square yards was involved, and it was hardly dirt cheap at £36,000 an acre.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

A CASE FOR SPEED

WINGS for Victory! All over the country this slogan has been used to conjure savings out of the public pocket and spur the workers to keener effort.

We could see what air supremacy had done for us in Africa and in Sicily. And we fondly imagined that, whatever else might be lacking in the national war effort, the aircraft industry was at peak production.

The shock was therefore all the greater when the T.U.C. and the Select Committee on National Expenditure came out simultaneously the other day with their charges of muddle, waste and mismanagement.

The public has not yet recovered from it—and will not do so until it is satisfied that the Government is taking appropriate and energetic action.

The Trades Union Congress, alleging general bungling on a large scale, complained in particular of ill-considered transfer of labour resulting in needless hardships to the workers and a shocking waste of man-power.

JOHN BULL has said repeatedly that workers, transferred to aircraft factories and knowing what is at stake, are ready to put up with a lot of inconvenience *provided* their journeys "are really necessary."

But they naturally resent *avoidable* hardship, and they resent it the more hotly when they find there isn't enough work to keep them busy at their new jobs.

Transfers of this futile and vexatious sort have been all too numerous. No wonder the T.U.C. has warned the Minister of Aircraft Production that the unions will not tolerate many more of them to factories which are doing fewer than 54 hours a week, or to districts where there are not enough proper billets!

THE Select Committee's criticisms were somewhat more technical but no less perturbing.

Its main charge was that the aircraft industry is seriously short of scientific and technical men.

The Select Committee said (and we endorse its opinion emphatically) that:—

"Men of high academic, scientific or technical attainments should *not* be allowed to be absorbed in the Fighting Services, where, even when they are employed in technical jobs, their qualifications are often much higher than is needed."

How in the name of common-sense has the Government allowed nearly four years to pass without learning this elementary lesson in the economics of man-power?

We *know* that the Services are always clamouring for more skilled men. We *know* they always will. But we also *know* that the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force depend absolutely upon the factories.

And it is the first duty of competent Ministers to balance and adjust the rival claims.

In time of total war, men as well as machines have to be run at capacity. Waste your key men, and you are bound to waste battalions of otherwise excellent labour.

The last war should have taught our leaders this, but they go on making the old mistakes with shocking blindness or obstinacy.

Hence the crisis in the coalfields; hence this scandalous clipping of the Lion's Wings!

The Select Committee observed "a similar shortage of adequately qualified staffs in all grades of management."

Letters from our readers bear this statement out and support the further conclusion that "*little appears to have been done to remedy the deficiency.*"

Why not? Because the authorities were not prepared in advance to meet the problems which were *bound* to arise from the enormous expansion of the aircraft industry.

They did not allow for the foreseeable fact that large numbers of men with little practical experience would have to be upgraded.

Or that many of these inexperienced workers would shrink from accepting responsible posts because they did not feel truly competent to fill them.

Another alarming feature of the report concerned the high rate of wastage in the supply of labour to the aircraft industry.

Over a period of seven weeks the average weekly rate of loss per 1,000 operatives in the principal air-frame and areo-engine factories was 6.4 per thousand for men and 7.2 per thousand for women.

This works out roughly at an annual loss to the industry of a third of its workpeople!

They are, of course, replaced, but the fact remains that work is impeded by these continual changes—not to mention their demoralising effect upon the unfortunate men and women concerned in them.

Various practical suggestions were put forward with a view to remedying these organisational defects, but it was, no doubt, outside the Committee's terms of reference to pin the blame for them where it really belongs.

The truth is that the aircraft industry is suffering from a lack of long-term planning and that a similar lack of planning is adversely affecting nearly every other of the nation's war time activities.

Mr. Bevin's latest employment Order was issued on the day the aircraft bombshell exploded.

And the new Fireguard Orders—which still take seventy pages of close print to explain!—had appeared only the week before!

Both were belated. Both ought to have been ready for the second year of total war; not the beginning of the fifth!

We have already expressed our opinion upon the threatened call-up of women up to the age of fifty and of striplings for compulsory service in the pits.

Parliament, Press, and people have forced the Government to think again about these ill-considered projects. And with good reason, for there are young women enough and to spare in administrative offices, and the shortage of labour in the coalfields is chiefly due to official short-sightedness, obstinacy and plain foolishness.

But these checks upon rash decisions and hasty repentances are not enough.

It is time for our Ministers to roll up their shirtsleeves and get busy. We simply do not believe that all of them are so burdened with strategic and international affairs that they cannot spare time to run their own Departments efficiently.

NEVER has any Government had a more willing public to implement its plans. We should hate to think that a willing public has so seldom had a Government with fewer plans properly co-ordinated, firmly decided upon and sensibly put into practice.

First and foremost among all our present problems is that of putting the aircraft industry thoroughly on its feet again.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, has taken over a few under-producing factories with promising results—although we *still* continue to get complaints of slackness in organisation from some of these.

Now it's up to Mr. Bevin to see that Sir Stafford gets all the labour—and *the right kind* of labour—he wants and to Mr. Brown, Minister of Health, to make certain that the workers in the aircraft industry shall have comfortable billets *and* adequate transport to and from their work.

These things can be done. They ought to have been done at least two years ago. They *would* have been done if the Government had ever tackled national problems in a bold and truly national spirit.

To-day we know that the Government hopes to shorten the war by intensive bombing and a stupendous, all-round air offensive.

Whitehall must not be allowed to delay victory through continued muddle and a continued refusal to face plain facts.

The Right Moment to Break Hitler's Allies

HAS the downfall of Mussolini been exploited to the fullest possible extent—in order to drive the smaller Axis satellites out of the war?

The rule "One thing at a time" is sound. But even the safest rule suffers exceptions.

We have been granted by unexpected circumstances exceptional opportunities which we should not miss.

We should not let the governments of Hungary, Finland, Rumania, and Bulgaria recover from the first shock of the collapse of Italian Fascism.

★ ★ ★

The Germans certainly lost no time in attempting to persuade their puppets in Budapest, Helsinki, Bucharest, and Sofia that the change in Italy would not affect the prosecution of the war nor its outcome.

Of course, they did not fully succeed. How could they? But at least they succeeded in stemming the panic which broke out in these capitals at the end of last month.

Yet I am convinced that more could be done for driving at least one of these minor satellites out of the Axis camp.

★ ★ ★

The daylight raid by Flying Fortresses on Wiener-Neustadt was a great performance. It was a warning to the people in Austria of what could happen to Vienna, Linz and Graz after the surrender of Italy and the establishing of Allied airbases in the Po Valley.

The raiders came from the Middle-East, had to fly some 2,500 miles to and fro, and yet not one was missing!

But what I liked best about this raid was the flight of some of the raiders over Budapest to drop leaflets which told its inhabitants that they, too, were liable to be bombed because their factories were producing arms for the Germans.

Why bombs over Wiener-Neustadt and only leaflets over Budapest is a question which might be difficult to answer. Let us assume that, from a military point of view, the arms factories of the Austrian city were a bombing priority.

But for political reasons the warning to the Hungarians must be soon followed by action.

It must not be Hungary first. It may be Bulgaria, or Finland, or Rumania as well. That it is matter of high strategy.

My point is that the greatest possible effort should be concentrated on *one* of the Axis satellites immediately.

★ ★ ★

Their governments are all more or less tottering since Mussolini vanished overnight. Antonescu, Filov, Ryti, Horthy, are not likely to survive a real "Blitz" of their respective capitals.

The fall of one may result in the collapse or surrender of all the others.

Including Germany. . . .

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—In the days when the national harvest was merely another phase in the farmer's busy year and it didn't really matter—except to him—whether his crop was good or bad, life in rural England followed its traditional paths year after year.

When I was a boy I remember how eagerly the harvesters looked forward to their "elevenses"—foaming tankards of ale, and bread and cheese. And when the day's toil was done there was rest and solace and *ale* in the village inn.

Now I read that in Suffolk, where a record number of harvesters are at work, beer is in so short supply that some village inns close on as many as five evenings a week.

I don't know, my lord, whether you have ever had the pleasure of slaking a thirst created by long hours of stooking or picking under the rays of a hot summer sun. If you have not, I can assure you that you have missed one of the really good things in life.

That's why I feel embittered about the way those responsible for the distribution of beer have neglected the rural areas during the thirstiest and most important period of the year.

When I see the West End pubs and suburban hotels flowing with ale and bitter and bottled beer, selling millions of gallons a month to people with money and time to burn, I realise that even in the matter of drinks there is no equality in the land.

The harvester is worthy of his ale. And many a volunteer who responded to the State's call for harvesters will ask someone to laugh that one off!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERIC A. JOHNSTON, President, United States Chamber of Commerce

DEAR SIR,—Your Mission to the country is one of first importance—to discuss post-war collaboration between British and American traders—and I hope that you will return to New York a wiser and more enlightened man.

It seems to me, judging from your utterances, that you are still living in a business world run on pre-war lines. You say that the elimination of mass unemployment can best be accomplished through the stimulation of free enterprise.

And again: "Competition between America and Britain after the war—when Lease-Lend has stopped, as it certainly must—is obviously going to be very keen, but why shouldn't it be?"

And again: "It may be that America will have the best of things in the air." And: "It may be tough that Britain should have been left behind in shipbuilding during the war."

Now, recently I read of a body called the American British Commonwealth, whose aim is to promote better understanding between our two nations. And I believe in its ranks both here and in the United States are men of vision who realise that co-operation is better than competition, and the happiness of the worker more important than profits.

I think you will find in the course of your mission here that many people in Britain share that view. Free enterprise and commercial rivalry to the exclusion of industrial decency got the world into a mess after the last war. "Never again" is the slogan of Britain's millions. Look ahead, Mr. Johnston, to 1949. Forget the pre-war trade jungle.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR MR. ALEXANDER, — I noted with appreciation that you stressed in a speech at Southampton what I have often said—that the people of Britain can work and fight for peace as well as they have toiled and fought in war.

You emphasised what has been achieved in this country in the past few years by the exercise of unity and co-operation; and you went on: "What, then, might be achieved in the days of peace which are ever coming nearer by the devotion of the same energy, unity and co-operation to the tasks of reconstruction, the restoration of our trade and the improvement of our standard of life."

The gradual change in the nation's fortune from the dark days of Dunkirk to the bright glory of Sicily was brought about by the will of the men and women of Britain, plus the incomparable leadership of Mr. Churchill.

Britain rose to the occasion then. Given the inspiration of real leadership and a settled policy of social, industrial and economic reform she can do it again.

But are we ready for the peace which already beckons hopefully beyond the distant horizon? Is there a planned economy prepared?

Building trade workers, for instance, are urging the Government to announce its post-war housing policy. Has such a policy been decided on?

Unless those who are to lead the nation through the perilous seas of post-war problems have plans to solve those problems the nation cannot pull together. All the good will in the world is useless unless it is directed along the right lines.

The time-lag between war and peace economies after 1918 created misery and discontent. There must be no time-lag when this conflict ends.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral the Hon. Sir HERBERT MEADE-FETHERSTONHAUGH, G.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—You will pardon, I hope, this imposing mode of address, but I print your "battle honours" for a certain reason.

In turn you commanded the mighty *Renown*, the R.N. College, Dartmouth, Destroyer Flotillas, the Mediterranean Fleet, and His Majesty's yacht. In 1936 you went into honourable retirement.

To-day your command is an American-built vessel of only 103 ft., and your rank is lieutenant R.N.V.R. All that imposing gold braid that once weighed down your sleeves has given way to two wavy bands.

Once the phrase "Too Proud to Fight" rang round the world. In Britain to-day there are still men and women who, conscious of civilian birth or position, are too proud to serve in subordinate posts. They are snobs who put personal prestige before national needs and are so aware of their self-importance that they cannot, even in these times, forget class distinction.

Happily for Britain there are many like yourself who forget rank, position, comfort and ease, when the country calls on its sons, young and old. To you, and to all that happy band of men who are members of the Small Vessels Pool, I signal "Well Done."—JOHN BULL.

Mdlle ALICE DELYSIA, c/o Theatreland

DEAR MADEMOISELLE,—For more than three years the mark of the Nazi beasts have befouled the boulevards of Paris; and a grey shroud of misery blankets life in that lovely city.

Soon maybe—please God sooner than we dare hope—they will be thrown out of France, and then you will be free to realise your ambition—to sing from the wide, commanding steps of the Madeleine, the *Marseillaise* and *God Save the King*.

"Then I can die; I don't mind," you confessed. But why die? The women who have worked and suffered, and shed bitter tears over the loss of sons and husbands, will have other things to think about. So will you. France will need her daughters, their wit, their charm, their beauty, to help efface the memory of the years of bondage. That's a task to live for, and one which must appeal to you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOE BLANCHARD, London Munitions Worker

DEAR MR. BLANCHARD,—Your mates call you "Old Joe." Why, I don't know. For no man with a record like yours can be termed old.

Since the war began the six machines you tend have turned out 508 million rivets that have gone to build Spitfires and giant bombers. Your machines have not stopped since they began to turn, and you take a day off only when your soldier son comes on leave.

And you toiled all through the blitz to step up production of rivets.

Sometimes I am amazed at the enduring strength and energy of men like you. And when I next stand gazing at a proud aerial armada sweeping out to sea I will think of those 508 million rivets—and give thanks to men like you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. W. SEWILL, Director, Associated Road Operators: Welcome your admission that transport cannot go back to pre-war methods of control. In future, first aim of transport must be public service. It should therefore be brought under public control. Or have you any real alternative to nationalisation?—JOHN BULL.

In the Wake of Ruined Cities

THE club steward came into the smoke-room. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "if you want to see them, they're going over now."

No one asked what "they" were. The sky was already throbbing to the roar of approaching 'planes.

* * *

We hurried into the road—a few of the hundreds of thousands of people in Greater London who thrilled to the sinister majesty of hundreds of heavy bombers winging their way to Northern Italy.

Dusk was falling, but the sky was still luminous. As far as the eye could see the bombers, flying singly, were scattered, black, ominous, against the dying glory of a sunlit day.

"The finest propaganda ever," was one comment. "Pity those poor Wops," was another—this from someone in whose heart were still the seeds of compassion.

For half an hour we stood and gazed as the 'planes flew across in steady stream. Then we went back to the club. One member, not gifted with imagination, merely said: "Very nice."

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

Very nice! As I strolled home in the gathering darkness I pondered the strange ways of man.

He creates painfully, slowly, hardly knowing what he seeks. Something grows haphazardly, takes shape, and, finally, shows its many imperfections.

But when it comes to destruction, man, like a mischievous schoolboy, is transformed into a thorough worker of ruin.

I tried to be impersonal, remote. I put myself into the rôle of a Martian who, with limitless vision, surveys the activities of the earth-men at war.

* * *

And yet, because I have seen the horrors of bombing and have tried to visualise the obliterated cities of Hamburg and Milan, I could not approach this problem of bombing and remain impartial, aloof, dispassionless.

Beyond the destruction of cities, beyond the wailings of mothers and the death cries of children, beyond the fanatical fury of warring nations, is man's greatest opportunity.

It is the only justification for the horror he has inflicted on himself; and it expresses the conviction that the means justifies the end.

* * *

To-day man has reached a new and terrible peak in destructive power: fresh peaks loom ahead, and the mounting chaos threatens to set back the clock of human endeavour.

But to justify the destruction wrought in the name of freedom and liberty, peace and plenty, man must prove that he can create with the same intensive thought and toil as he can destroy.

Smouldering piles of rubble that once were cities are the evidence of man's incredible ability to smash and burn.

Greater, more beautiful cities, peopled by men and women leading better, more beautiful lives, must be the future evidence of man's ability to create in the wake of the ruin he has made.

Each of us must foot part of the bill. God help the world if we don't!

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—2

BY ROY DONNE

See-Saw that Meant Life-or-Death

"THAT'S Ensor," said the R.A.F. officer, indicating a slim, dome-headed, rather pale-faced young man in the mess of Coastal Command.

Squadron Leader Maechel Anthony Ensor, air-sea war prodigy who at twenty-one finds himself with the D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, numbered among Coastal's half-dozen leading aces, and for a break doing a valued staff job at H.Q.

MASTER OF DARING

Thus, in this air age, does High Authority profit from youth's experience!

Young Ensor has had plenty.

One of his adventures alone exalts him as a master of daring, courage and skill.

That was when he was up in his Hudson, "S" for "Sammy," scouring the clear blue of the Mediterranean for U-boats which were scenting the surface like sharks off the North African coast—in a sea alive with some of the richest prizes ever offered to submarines.

The greatest amphibious military invasion in history (up to then) was in progress.

"Best hunting we ever had," rejoiced Ensor, leading the famous County of Kent Squadron No. 500, and sharing with another pilot five probable sinkings.

"In fourteen days my squadron alone made thirty-seven attacks."

So hot was the hunt that pilot after pilot reported U-boats crash-diving at such speed that some of their crews perished on deck.

SMASHING BLOW

Young Ensor gave one no chance even to crash-dive, and made so sure of his aim by releasing his depth charges from 50 ft. that "S" for "Sammy" nearly went down with its victim!

The explosion just below the surface as the Hun was disappearing was so terrific that the submarine itself seemed to burst.

Its conning tower collapsed, its gun was torn from its base and hurled high into the air and its gunner with it, so far as one of the aircraft's crew could see.

The uncanny part was that while the airmen saw the shattering, physical effects, for a second or two they heard only a muffled sound.

Their engines deafened their ears and the water blanketed the noise of the explosion—but not its force!

Striking "S" for "Sammy" like a thunderbolt a moment later, it shot the aircraft three hundred feet higher into the air as if it were a rocket.

With the blast, bits of explosive and wreckage came up amid fountains of spray. Bumping skyward, that was about all the dazed airmen could take in.

When their captain looked round, after regaining control of a machine gone crazy, he got a shock. First at what his eyes saw, then bit by bit at what his crew reported.

RIGHT ANGLED WINGS

His 'plane's inside was a shambles . . . every window smashed, broken "glass" littered everywhere, instruments thrown all over the place.

Outside, the rudders and elevators were blown off? the ailerons damaged.

Most startling effect of all was that several feet of each wing was bent almost at right angles to the rest of the wing.

Ensor marvelled that such a crock could still fly. In his own words, "it behaved like some mad thing."

One moment it tilted down nose first, and after some split-second thinking he told his three companions to crowd back in the tail to strike a balance to prevent their crashing into the sea.

The tail then dropped under this weight of human ballast, and back they raced to the nose.

A life-or-death sea-saw, with "S" for "Sammy" bucking like a bronco in some fantastic aerial rodeo!

All the while young Ensor battled with the controls to gain height and put a safer distance between themselves and the water; and rear-gunner Sergeant H. J. Roe threw all movable equipment overboard, forgetful of the risk of his going with it as the windowless 'plane plunged and rolled.

By little short of a miracle they climbed 1,500 ft. Their hopes rose and then sank with it as their starboard engine conked out, reducing their speed and adding to the nightmare of the forty-miles trip back to their airfield in French Morocco.

For twenty long minutes they played the tip-and-run game from nose to tail and tail to nose till with a whoop of joy they sighted the bay of Algiers.

They'd no illusions about landing being a touch-and-go affair, but they also knew there were no better ground crews anywhere than those waiting below to assist them down!

TOUGH TASKS

These were hand-picked groundsmen who'd spent their first two nights ashore on the beaches with the Americans being sniped at and sniping back, and who'd had a Commando course before leaving England to fit them for tough tasks ahead.

As they looked up they must have thought their leader's machine was doing some Commando coursing, too.

But "S" for "Sammy" never finished the course.

Though by almost superhuman efforts pilot and crew kept it up at 1,500 ft. to reduce the risks of crashing or baling out, the port engine failed within sight of home over the bay.

One of the most extraordinary battles to save an aircraft ended in it becoming uncontrollable.

HECTIC ORDEAL

"Bale out!" Ensor ordered his men. Then, "Cheerio—all the best!" as he himself jumped.

They were all out in *four seconds*—the longest of their lives. Ensor confessed it seemed ages.

Actually he would have been the first to have paid tribute to them all for acting with such cool nerve and precision after one of the toughest ordeals any airmen have undergone.

He was picked up by a sloop and the rear gunner by another vessel. Their two unluckier comrades shared the fate of one of the sturdiest aircraft that ever flew.

Strange things happened to hunters and hunted alike in those hectic few days.

One U-boat surrendered to a squadron leader, its crew climbing on deck and waving white towels while waiting to give themselves up.

Another, after a running gun duel with two or three Hudsons and being depth charged, beached itself and was captured with its crew.

But the epic of "S" for "Sammy" was excelled by none other in that campaign nor in the stirring career of its young pilot.

ONE ENGINE FLIGHT

Once before he had shown how to fight for the life of his crew and his aircraft.

Then, bombing a ship from mast-height in northern enemy waters and taking violent evasive action from flak, his 'plane struck a rock.

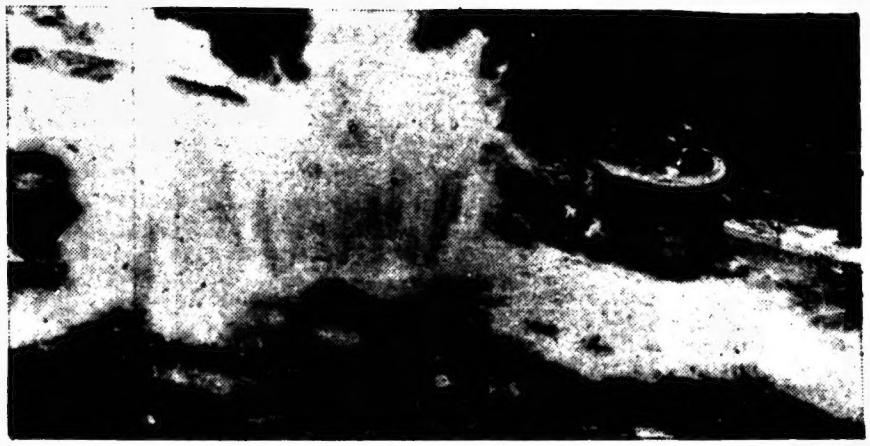
The impact disabled one engine, extinguished all lights, rendered all instruments and the turret unserviceable.

A long sea journey lay before him, but he made it on the remaining engine.

Short of petrol, he was forced to fly into a heavy snowstorm over his base, but by firing Verey lights in rapid succession he illumined his surroundings and crash landed without injury to his crew or damage to his 'plane.

"S" for "Sammy" and two of her crew were lost in a forlorn fight against uncommon hazard, but what a tale for tribute!

Somebody owes a lot to this rather pale-faced fellow of twenty-one.



Two sailors cower on the U-boat's deck as the explosion rocks their steel craft, And from the attacking 'plane falls another depth charge (marked here by a circle) to finish the job

★ *Hunting U-boats from the air has yielded many thrills. But none more extraordinary than when Squadron-Leader Ensor, a veteran at twenty-one, rode a bucking bronco of the sky in an adventure that displayed to the full his daring, pluck and skill*

Never Was So Little Done by So Many!

IF Mr. Bevin pushes the women of forty-five to fifty into war work I shall be ashamed to look my own mother in the eye.

Like many other older women, she has worked like a galley slave for various voluntary organisations ever since the war began. Her only reward is the satisfaction of knowing that no paid servant of the State could have toiled and sweated with greater enthusiasm.

I am employed—unemployed would be nearer the truth—in a department of a vast Government organisation. My reward is a substantial salary which I accept with a guilty conscience, knowing that my feeble toil would never bring sweat to the brow of a child.

* * *

For there is not enough work for half our staff. At least that number could be transferred to other work.

To see a crowd of employees frantically scrambling for work when it does turn up, a stranger might imagine that a consignment of bananas had arrived.

But if tea-drinking and newspaper and novel-reading are a contribution to the war effort, then many of us are doing the nation proud.

These pastimes are extended into overtime—enforced to present an imposing façade to the "higher-ups" and an impressive picture to the public.

* * *

Surely any of the lads of the Eighth Army who peeped behind this false front would rise in fury and demand an offensive clean-up?

Hidden behind the camouflage they would find other disconcerting features.

Practically every man is paid a high salary because of his qualifications. Yet if only a few were retained as supervisors, most of the work could be done by boys and girls just out of secondary schools. And the men released could use their talents to better purpose.

Many of the staff have repeatedly begged to be released.

Hopes ran high recently when a return had to be made concerning a possible comb-out. It was sent back with each name labelled "Indispensable."

The head of the department is now "counter-attacking," seeking to augment his personnel.

The permanent Civil Servants support this preposterous manœuvre for the sake of departmental prestige. They are planning, or rather plotting, ahead.

To them it is a matter of simple arithmetic. The department will inevitably be "axed" after the war; perhaps 60 or 70 per cent. will be lopped off. So the more there are now the more will remain when the axe has descended.

They are not alone: the department is not unique. The same sorry story is true in every detail of all that make up this vast organisation.

* * *

I say to Mr. Bevin, Give the older women our jobs. Then they can enjoy the rest they so desperately need.

A War Time Civil Servant.

★ Everyone is agog with questions concerning the invasion of Europe and other United Nations' plans for great military campaigns. What? Where? How? In this article, MAURICE FAGENCE gives all the answers it's safe to print.

Led by a Bren carrier, British troops enter the narrow streets of a Sicilian town. But an advance isn't just a matter of pushing your troops ahead as far as they can go!

Our Blue-Prints for Invasion

THERE'S no room for a Napoleon or a Wellington in modern warfare.

There never will be again.

Hitler will go down to history as the last man who tried to play with the entire armed forces of his country like a chess player with his pieces.

And the lesson of his dismal failure will never be lost.

Actually modern war has become too big for one-man control.

Only the incredibly stupid believe that General Montgomery—fine leader though he is—devised all the stratagems that took him from El Alamein to the tip of Tunis.

Or General Alexander, for that matter—and he was in charge of the strategy.

Or Winston Churchill. Or President Roosevelt. Neither of them has the impudence nor the ignorance to try to do with the Allied Forces what Hitler tried unsuccessfully to do with Nazi forces.

How it's Done

Let me present you with a blueprint of an Allied invasion—and remember that an invasion, however big, can only be a part of the Allied plan of campaign.

To begin with, it is decided upon by the political leaders of the democracies concerned—meeting, as Churchill, Roosevelt, and certain Empire leaders have met recently. In a place most suitable to all the parties

And no comments, please, about politicians controlling the men who know. Our political leaders decide *nothing* till they have had expert advice from the strategists.

Invasion having been decided upon, the plans are laid. I write the word "plans" advisedly.

They have to be multitudinous.

To begin with, plans—in modern warfare—are ever-changing things.

Actually, plans for such an invasion will have been worked out already.

Ready for All

The War Office has in its possession plans for attack on every part of beleaguered Europe—just as it has plans for countering any German invasion of Britain that the mind can conceive.

They have been worked out by the War Office brass-hats whom—the average man believes—are leading an idle life in Whitehall.

Not one in a thousand of those plans will ever be tried out. The necessity will never arise.

But we dare not ignore the necessity of making any one of them. If we did, we might have to criticise those War Office brass-hats for losing us an Empire.

What we do, when we have decided to invade a particular country, is to revise the existing plans—and sometimes it may mean very revolutionary revision.

But not even then do we decide on just one plan.

The General Commanding—and Alexander was the General Commanding at El Alamein—works out a number of "A" plans for the initial attack.

They may number 17—from A1 to A17.

Last-minute circumstances—and they include, among many other things, the last-minute response of the enemy, and the very latest news of his movements and dispositions—dictate which plan shall be used.

The Commander makes his decision. His general in the field—it was Montgomery at El Alamein—does his best with it.

But the degree of success attained, and a multitude of other factors that may arise, determines what shall be done next.

We may take our objective, or fall short of it, or overrun it The enemy may be weaker, or stronger, than we supposed.

So out of the particular "A" plan picked, a dozen "B" plans may grow—and the Commander has to choose which he will use.

So It Goes On

From whatever "B" plan he chooses he will probably have the choice of ten different "C" plans.

The "C" plan he selects may lead him to any one of fourteen "D" plans.

And so it goes on.

Every plan available to a general in the field is based on the known resources of the Army in men and material.

Some of our schemes of aggression used in this war have been worked out two years before they have been embarked on. That is true of the wonderful drive from El Alamein to Tunisia.

We never ask the impossible of any military leader.

True, the plans often look impossible when they are made. It seems that the factories of the Allied countries cannot possibly supply all the armaments and transport demanded for the success of the schemes.

But then we ask the seemingly impossible of the workers in our war factories—and never once have they failed to let us have all we have wanted for an offensive well in time for the start of the attack.

Aid from Abroad

There have been times when we have had qualms, and we have actually sent officers who know what the requirements are going to be out of the battle line to visit factories in America, Britain, Canada and elsewhere.

It is usually sufficient to make known how absolutely essential it is to the man who has to do the fighting that he has everything he wants—and all of it of the best.

One of our key plans for the clearing of Axis troops out of Africa depended for its success on a type of vehicle not one model of which—at the time the plan was made—had left a war factory.

Would they arrive in sufficient numbers? Would they do what was expected of them? "Yes" had to be the answer to a hundred such questions if that plan were to be used—and if we couldn't use it our defeat of Rommel might have been delayed for vital months.

Everybody knows to-day that Hitler is going to be brought crashing to earth, as Mussolini has been. But the credit won't be due to a solitary Napoleon or Wellington.

Victory is going to come from such cohesion as has never been known before in warfare

Failure—and we have known tragic failure in the long history of this struggle—has come from unpreparedness, national unpreparedness, for which we are all to blame.

When victory is won, and we can look back to the very beginnings of the struggle to assess our strategy throughout the war, we may find a little wrong with it here or there—but not much.

Where

★ As the tide of war sweeps on in our favour, the need grows to settle our policy for peace. For Victory is only a means to an end—not the end itself. To win the peace as well as the war, the United Nations must reach agreement now on the methods by which mankind can be spared fresh horrors and tribulations

Says A. G. GARDINER

I SHALL not attempt to foreshadow the military decisions of the Quebec Conference. The consequences of those decisions cannot be long delayed and we can await them with confidence. It is the political aspects that can be most usefully discussed.

As the tide of the war sweeps on in our favour, Hitler's hopes centre more feverishly on the political weapon. Victory he can no longer look for. A stalemate is his only chance of escaping defeat. And a stalemate can only come from political manœuvres.

The core of those manœuvres is indicated by the Istanbul correspondent of the *Times*. The Axis propaganda, he says, is saturating Turkey and the Balkans with "the most extravagant views" intended:

> "to spread the idea that deep and unbridgeable dissensions divide the English-speaking democracies from Russia, *and that the result will be chaos in Europe should the Allies win the war.*"

This propaganda should be killed stone dead. It can be killed at one stroke by the Allies themselves, and the Quebec Conference, we may hope, has prepared the stroke.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THE ENEMY AND THE WORLD THAT WE ARE MARCHING INFLEXIBLY IN

How We Secure Hitler's [illegible]

WORKING twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, large numbers of "Back-Room Boys" are playing a major rôle in the defeat of the Axis.

Their task is to examine every item of equipment captured from the Axis armed forces.

★ ★ ★

Take, for example, the now well-known FW190 German fighter. When it was first used against Britain, in the tip-and-run coastal raids, Nazi pilots were ordered not to fly inland.

Just to make sure that the secret plane would not fall into our hands if downed, certain precautions were taken by designers to enable the pilot, once free, to wreck the machine.

The order went to R.A.F. pilots "Get an FW190—in one piece."

An R.A.F. pilot, diving from behind a cloud-bank, discovered an FW190 machine just ahead of him. By methods which cannot be revealed at this stage of the war, he forced the Hun to land—and soldiers had taken the pilot prisoner before he had time to destroy the latest evidence of Germany's production skill.

Test pilots attached to the Ministry of Aircraft Production then began their work.

Its speed and climbing power, as well as other interesting facts, were noted. Its weak points were discovered, and passed on to pilots who would meet the FW190 in combat

If, too, it possessed many good points, you can be sure that our own ace designers were acquainted with the fact.

★ ★ ★

A similar thing happened to Professor Willi Messerschmitt's 210—the German Mosquito. It was captured by us during one of its first flights over Britain, much to the chagrin of the German *Luftwaffe*.

In Tunis, our troops advanced so rapidly that they captured scores of German [illegible] upon the grou[illegible] since been pro[illegible] by our "Back[illegible]

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Gerr[illegible] of ver[illegible] fell ba[illegible] Germany[illegible] were du[illegible] type of [illegible] H.Q.—[illegible]

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German ager[illegible] *Luftwaffe* of [illegible] little vessel [illegible] tacked. But

ere Are We Going?

She's a German broadcasting to the women of Germany. Her words might have greater effect if she could tell the Fatherland that the United Nations had at last agreed on one single policy for the peace

STEP TO VICTORY. VICTORY IS NOT AN END. IT IS ONLY A MEANS TO AN END.

The end is the deliverance of Europe from the present Terror and the settlement of the world on a foundation of law, justice and security for all.

Substantial agreement on this great matter cannot be delayed till the hour of victory. It must be achieved now, and it can only be achieved by the fullest and frankest exchange of views between the Allies.

Is that exchange taking place? We do not know. If not, there is no time to be lost.

* * *

Take only one of the vast problems with which victory will confront the victors: What is to be done with a defeated Germany?

Britain, Russia and America will approach the question from different angles, but certain basic principles must be agreed upon if the failure of the last Peace is not to be repeated and the seeds of a Third World War are not to be sown.

There is one object we all have in common. It is the destruction not of the German people but of Prussian militarism.

That was our object in the last war. Victory failed to achieve it then for one main reason. The Allies broke up. Russia made a separate peace. America washed its hands of the Peace and returned to "isolation."

From that tragedy everything went wrong. The League collapsed. The Peace was lost. The cancer of Prussian militarism was not cut out.

It lived on and prepared for the next war. Behind the mask of the Weimar Republic it laid its plans, and when the frenzy of Hitlerism seized the nation it exploited it as its instrument for the Second World War.

If this dreadful sequence is not to be repeated, the Allies must hang together. They must hang together not only for the War but for the Peace. They must hang together until the Upas tree of Prussianism has been rooted out of the German soil for ever.

This is the first, the imperious necessity. If there is any failure here, any desertion from the ranks, the war may still be won, but the Peace will again assuredly be lost.

* * *

I stress this aspect of the problem because the Prussian military caste is and always has been the soul of German Satanism. Hitler is a tool. Hitlerism is a momentary phase.

It is Prussianism which is the constant, enduring, unchanging enemy of mankind. "The Prussian is naturally a brute: civilisation will only make him ferocious," said Goethe, the greatest of all Germans.

And it was because he saw that the Prussian gangsters threatened to conquer Germany that he welcomed Napoleon. Any foreign invader was preferable to the fiendish monster on his Weimar doorstep.

But the monster, with his gospel that "War is a divine institution and a work of love," triumphed. He conquered Germany as his first step to conquering the world. "What Prussia is for Germany, Germany must become for the whole of Europe," said Gneisenau, that saint of the Satanic calendar, in 1813.

IN STRESSING THE BAD EMINENCE OF PRUSSIA I AM NOT EXCUSING THE GERMANS. THEY ARE A MOB OF DOCILE SHEEP CAPABLE OF SWALLOWING ANY LIE, AS HITLER HAS SAID, "SO LONG AS IT IS BIG ENOUGH," READY TO GROVEL BEFORE ANY TYRANT IN A UNIFORM AND TO RUN AMUCK AT HIS BIDDING.

HUMOURLESS SENTIMENTALISTS, THEY HAVE IN THEM, LIKE THE JAP, A STREAK OF BARBARIC CRUELTY OF WHICH THIS WAR HAS BEEN SO DREADFUL A WITNESS.

But they, with their slave mentality, can be redeemed. Unequivocal military defeat on their own soil will cure them of the *Herrenvolk* madness. Already Stalingrad, Sicily, Hamburg are knocking some sense of realities into them.

And the lessons have only begun. The time will come when they will see that this war was a war for the liberation of Germany from its evil spirit as well as a war for the liberties of the world.

* * *

BUT PRUSSIANISM MUST BE RUTHLESSLY DESTROYED. ITS TYRANNY OVER THE MIND OF GERMANY MUST BE ROOTED OUT BEYOND ANY POSSIBILITY OF REVIVAL. IF THIS IS NOT DONE, THEN THIS WAR WILL HAVE BEEN FOUGHT IN VAIN.

For the spirit of Prussia is unteachable and untamable, and if not crushed the terrible experience of this generation will recur for the next—or the next. So long as Prussianism dominates Germany, the nightmare of war will hang like a cloud over Europe and the world.

What measures the extinction of Prussian militarism involves is not the point here. That it means a long period of occupation and the sternest control of internal activities goes without saying.

There must never be a repetition of the secret plotting, arming and propaganda that led up to the present war. Nor on our side must there be a deadly recurrence of appeasement.

If it is said that this means interference in the internal government of another country, the answer is plain. There is no other way of nipping in the bud the conspiracies of that country against its neighbours.

We have been warned once, twice, nay five times in living memory. We have been deaf to the warnings and have paid a terrific penalty.

This time we must be ruthless with the disease while sparing no efforts, no encouragements to lead the German nation from the worship of the Prussian idol of war into the paths of peaceful co-operation with its neighbours.

* * *

I come back to the point from which I started—the urgency of settling our peace policy now, especially in relation to the extermination of Prussianism and the debarbarising of the youth of Germany.

Whatever differences there may be in the outlook of Britain, Russia and U.S.A., there can be no disagreement about these objects. The only disagreement there can be is as to the methods of achieving them.

LET US FIND THE GREATEST COMMON MEASURE OF AGREEMENT ON THOSE METHODS NOW IN DOING SO WE SHALL SPIKE THE MOST FORMIDABLE PROPAGANDA GUN LEFT TO THE ENEMY AND CONSOLIDATE EUROPE AND THE WORLD BEHIND THE UNITED NATIONS

May we not hope that the return of Mr. Maisky to Russia and the discussions at Quebec are steps to this momentous goal?

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scientists quickly got to work—and produced for us an anti-tank weapon that took a heavy toll of Rommel's panzers in the course of the great advance from Egypt into Tunisia.

The success of our blockade, too, is discovered by the "Back-Room Boys" when they examine the clothing and rations of men taken prisoner and found dead.

That is why the Air-Sea Rescue Launches never pass a dead German floating on the sea; why the Coastguards, as they patrol our beaches, keep a weather eye open for enemy dead.

* * *

They might be carrying important papers, true, but a careful study of their clothes, boots, and rations, tell our experts a great deal—and play a big part in the planning of future bombing operations.

And when the war has been won, the experience and knowledge gained by these unknown "technical experts" will prove invaluable to the scientific advancement of mankind. HOWARD JOHNS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

TONS OF RATIONS ROT IN SECRET

I CAN tell the Ministry of Food where thousands of tons of good rations are slowly going to waste.

I can name the culprit. There is none worse in the whole country.

It is the Ministry itself!

The food in question represents vast stocks put away in so-called secret dumps for the feeding of millions of people in the coastal belts in case of invasion.

I refer to the secrecy as "so-called" because there are areas in which everybody knows the whereabouts—and condition!—of these emergency rations.

These stocks were laid down in mid-1940, when the danger of invasion was at its height.

They consist of sugar in cartons, and meat, tea, margarine, Woolton soup and biscuits in tins.

For the most part there has been no attempt to replace old with new.

And mid-1943 has already passed. Ask any grocer what is likely to happen to the most perishable of these foodstuffs in three years—especially when they are kept, as many are, in places entirely unsuitable for food storage.

More than a year ago one district reported to the regional authority that its sugar bags were bulging ominously—the sugar having probably absorbed moisture from the air and increased in bulk.

There came back the audacious suggestion that perhaps local grocers could be found who would replace the old sugar with new stocks reaching them, and issue the old stocks to their customers.

There are plenty of public-spirited grocers to be found—but goodwill is as important in that business as in any other, and the public will always move its patronage to the man who serves the freshest goods.

Unpaid Officials

Before the dumps were set up, emergency food organisers were appointed in each parish to look after them.

They received no pay, and some I have met who put in small bills for out-of-pocket expenses entailed didn't even receive the courtesy of an answer from Whitehall.

On appointment, each man was given an envelope marked "SECRET: TO BE OPENED IN CASE OF INVASION."

It was also made known to him that he would have very wide powers if the enemy came—including the right to requisition crops in fields and gardens, cattle on the hoof, and even larger stocks in excess of domestic requirements.

Thus authorised to act on his own initiative, he would be expected to feed his local people in the emergency described.

Before being supplied with the emergency foodstuffs, each food officer was asked to give some idea of what amounts would be available locally.

Some knew their districts well, and were able to give a pretty accurate figure. Some who did not were industrious enough to get the information from other people.

Others made a rough shot at it, and when, after a few weeks, the emergency rations arrived, they found the quantities were based on their very rough-and-ready estimates.

The food arriving, these unpaid officials had varying ideas as to what they should do with it.

Supplies Frozen

Some merely got grocers to put it into their outhouses, and even enticed householders into keeping it in their own homes.

As time went on, many of these food officers took up what they considered more important war work—in the Home Guard and so on. Some were called up for duty in the Services.

I don't think it would be unfair to say that after a time some of these stocks had nobody at all responsible for them.

I have spoken to one food officer, whose area is tied up for geographical and other reasons with twenty other parishes, and he states emphatically that surrounding authorities have been unable to tell him who is in charge of their emergency food stocks.

He suspects not only that the food officers have disappeared into other branches of the war effort, but that it would be unable to trace their sealed envelopes marked: "Secret: To be opened in case of invasion."

One man I have spoken to received eight tons of foodstuffs for a population of 600 people. The allotment was based on his own estimate of food available locally.

Finding that 3,000 people had arrived in the district to gather in food crops—and with invasion a very stark possibility—he wrote asking for emergency rations for the temporary residents.

Apparently it put Whitehall in a hole.

Huge stocks of grain cascaded into the river when German bombers destroyed Hull warehouses in the "blitz"—but our own Ministry of Food also deprives the nation of valuable stores

They wrote telling him: "Our policy would not be to supply these visitors with food, but to rid the district of the visitors."

In other words, to let crops rot at a time when they were more important to the salvation of the British Empire than ever before in history.

There came a suggestion that there should be food liaison officers between the local authority and Army, police, Home Guard and so on. In many cases, food officers landed this liaison job.

"Get friendly with the local Army commander," they were told. "Work out an invasion plan with him."

Whitehall Logic

They did. And local Army commanders promptly congratulated them on the value of their work, but added: "Within an hour of invasion, my unit will just disappear from this district, and how you are going to contact the unit that will take our place I don't really know—since I don't suppose that the War Office will tell anybody about its invasion plans."

And, indeed, the War Office—not being made up of complete half-wits—wouldn't.

The Home Guard knew little more than that they depended on civilian rations—and they trusted they would be there if the need arose.

And, as far as one district is concerned in which I have made investigations, the police replied: "If there is an invasion, our orders will come from higher police authorities. That's all we know."

Apparently the Ministry of Food has not entirely lost sight of the fact that these immense food stocks exist.

They recently told local authorities that in view of the fact that the danger of invasion had receded by a certain percentage—we needn't give the exact figure—biscuit stocks would be reduced in the same ratio.

Not meat stocks, or tea stocks, or soup stocks, or sugar stocks. Just biscuit stocks.

The arithmetic might be quite good—but I suggest that the logic is just appalling.

This comedy has had a three-year run—and I contend that it is two years eleven months too long.

Liquidate and Restock

These stocks should be liquidated—even if it means giving the housewife a little fast-deteriorating meat, tea, sugar, margarine and so on "off the ration."

New invasion stocks should be built up—for the danger hasn't entirely gone. And there should be put in charge of them people who still live in the districts concerned—people who won't be otherwise engaged if invasion should come, as many of the present food officers would be if the "balloon should go up" tomorrow.

Rightly the Ministry of Food descends like a cartload of bricks on the woman who wastes a loaf. But let it first put its own house in order.

He's Just a Common Fee-Snatcher

MR. PHILIP COHEN, who describes himself as "The World Renowned Agent" with "Clients Throughout The World," has an odd idea of business.

He operates from 21, Kenmore Crescent, Northville, Bristol, and claims to have been a matrimonial agent for the past 23 years. If this is so, it is time he knew better.

A woman recently advertised that she would like to meet a man friend. She received a reply from Cohen, who said his work was private, personal and continuous.

"I go on until you are suited," he wrote.

In a sheaf of letters before me he has promised to introduce the woman to all kinds of people, including a tea-planter. But nothing ever happens, it seems, except where L.s.d. is concerned.

He wheedled £2 out of this client to begin with for what have been worthless services, and, despite the fact that he undertook in writing to refund a part of the money months ago, has lately had the temerity to ask for a loan.

I am glad to hear that interested authorities are making widespread inquiries about so-called "matrimonial" agencies.

The impudent tactics of Mr. Philip Cohen are clearly those of a common fee-snatcher.

He should certainly be treated as one.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. L. Whitaker, Ashburton Avenue, South Park Drive, Ilford, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is invited about any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HUMAN MACHINE

THE ART OF LIFE

There are several questions that agitate the mind of every person who thinks about life, and that go on worrying us all for the best part of our lives.

They're innocent questions on the surface—how ought I to live? What are the things I ought to value? Which of all the things about me are really good? What, in other words, is "the art of life"?

The Greeks had an answer to these questions that cannot be dismissed without a good deal of thought. The art of life, they said, consisted in giving every god his due.

To every single god there was a debt owing, and in due course and in due season those debts had all to be paid.

Moreover, no god must be cheated, and none must be overpaid. No robbing Peter to pay Paul, in fact!

Now what did they mean? Simply that the art of life was an all-round thing. Health, physical as well as mental; enjoyment in the sense of pure pleasure, as well as the cultivation of serious interests; good eating and good drinking as well as mental and physical discipline; moderation in all things, excess in none; the cultivation of a sense of responsibility to others as well as a quite definite looking after "number one."

Not at all a bad answer to those worrying little queries, was it?

To-day we should simply say: "Do your duty to yourself and to your fellows—and have the best time you can in a world that is waiting to offer you whatever you ask from it."

John James— Just Jeered

★ You'll like John James Coffey, even though he was trained to inherit vast riches. For he could not only put out his chin, but take it on the chin

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

★

By MARTIN TEMPLE

Apparently there had been a Coffey with the Black Prince

AT the age of three John James Coffey found himself in transit across the Atlantic with a foster-mother, half a dozen photographs, and an amazing bellow of a laugh.

John James had been in a gas explosion. Time began for him when the house went up in flames. All previous memories were wiped away. Mrs. O'Leary, who had adopted him, was his sole prop and comfort.

He crawled about the deck, occasionally fixed unsuspecting adults with a humorous eye, and roared at them.

Altogether, an hilarious voyage.

Mrs. O'Leary was taking him to America. She was also taking the photographs. A widow woman who had lived through a childless marriage, she had passionate leanings towards the British aristocracy. She had also a great fund of talk.

By the time the ship berthed in New York there was nobody in it who hadn't seen the photographs, no pair of ears which hadn't heard about John James Coffey's long line of ancestors.

Apparently there had been a Coffey with the Black Prince, a Coffey at Runnymede. As Mrs. O'Leary warmed to her theme the Battle of Hastings was fought again, with a Coffey right in the vanguard.

"It's the blue blood he has in his veins," she would say proudly. "That little mannikin dates right back to the Normans.

"And will ye be looking at the foine mansion he lived in! Did ye ever see a front door the like o' that? A hundred bedrooms begorrah, and a park as big as Pennsylvania Station."

Those photographs were certainly impressive. Row upon row of windows, terraces and lawns rising to a balcony, pergolas, fountains, Italian gardens, and venerable oaks.

"His father was killed penniless, the poor gentleman. Mortgages up to the hilt."

Rising six, John James felt the weight of gentle birth upon him.

"Sure," Mrs. O'Leary reproved, "ye come of a family older than Columbus hisself. The *Mayflower* wasn't thought of when yer bold ancestors was roustin' about. And I won't have ye playin' wid that frish-frash on the sidewalk. Thim larrikins will coarsen the foine grain av ye."

"What's a fine grain?" asked John James.

"It's the way ye'll be walkin' and talkin' and holdin' up yer head. A sort av gineral refinement."

Mrs. O'Leary had a few dollars invested, and she contrived to educate her adopted son according to his station.

At eighteen he had got this idea of pedigree thoroughly soaked in. Away in the background of his mind the grand mansion with its park and terraces had become a part of his life.

THE notion of a Coffey fighting for William the Conqueror thrilled him through and through. Down the ages a long line of doughty forbears beckoned him home—home to the pergolas, the Italian gardens, the venerable oaks.

And when Mrs. O'Leary laid upon him with her last breath the obligations of rank, young Coffey made a vow.

He would go home.

No matter how grim the struggle, how tough the fight, he swore a solemn oath that in the fullness of time he would buy back the ancestral property from whoever possessed it.

Mrs. O'Leary had always been hazy about its location. She herself had never seen it, she said.

"It's the way that yer poor ould father closed the front door for the last time twenty years ago, and he the foine aristocrat that he was, God help us."

But as to who owned the property and where it was situated—that could wait. Time enough to ferret these matters out when the great day arrived.

And to that day young Coffey solemnly dedicated his life.

A serious young man, grave and purposeful of countenance, he seldom found time to laugh during the ensuing years. But when he did, the sound that came out of him bore out every whit of its early promise.

It was apt to ring the rafters and make the glasses dance. A great roar, a full-throated bellow of enjoyment, the laugh of a man who could give hard knocks and take them on the chin.

He worked like a slave. He pounded the pavements of Pittsburg and Poughkeepsie, of Boston and Buffalo, peddling bonds, selling oil and aluminium, beginning bright and early, never letting up until dark.

His line of sales-talk was eloquent, slick, persuasive. Surrounded by the depressing wallpapers of frowsty hotel bedrooms, John James Coffey could be heard perfecting his delivery far into the night, marshalling his sentences, giving each word the maximum punch.

And he saved. No miser ever took more care of the cents. A hundred dollars, two hundred, three. Ahead of him, somewhere in the dim and distant future, waited the venerable oaks, the rows of windows, the graciousness of an English park

HE gritted his teeth, and stuck out his chin The first thousand dollars was won at the cost of toil and sweat, of blistered feet and aching limbs.

Two years of exacting work. A thousand dollars scraped together cent by cent. It was heartbreaking.

"Tha' grand house is yours," he told himself. 'It's yours by right of race. Go in and win it, you flat-faced palooka."

Five years later, when he got the sales managership, he knew that he was made. Thirty thousand dollars a year, a 10 per cent. bonus on turnover, the promise of a directorship.

Fifteen years after that John James Coffey, president of the Algonquin Aluminium Corporation and a dollar millionaire, signed his last business cheque and stepped on board the 'plane for England

Twenty-two years of the hurly-burly of business had marked the lines of grimness on his face. But he was only forty, and deep down inside he was thrilled as a kid with his first bicycle.

In London, the first thing he did was to visit the big estate agents and show them his photographs.

None of them had had the place on their books within memory. They searched back files for forty years with no success.

So John James Coffey set out by car from London to comb England.

There was plenty of time. The English countryside enthralled and charmed him. Only now, with months in which to relax, did he realise the immense privilege of wealth. The prospect of finding the house of his fathers, of long summer afternoons on its lawns, gripped his imagination and worked him up to a pitch of excitement hard to contain.

And suddenly one day, topping a Yorkshire hill, he saw the whole place spread out at its foot and forgot for several seconds to breathe.

Beauty, and old stones, and the broad spacious acres dotted with trees.

"That's the place," he said, able to speak at last. "Stop at the gates."

SO John James Coffey had come home again. He got out, approached the gates. On one of them was a brass plate. Mrs. O'Leary, he thought as he put on his spectacles, would have loved this moment.

Would she, though?

He stood very still for some seconds. And then the peace of the afternoon was shattered by a loud roar—the full-throated bellow of a man who could take it on the chin.

West Riding Orphanage, he read, *1886*.

CHANCE FOR SILLY ASSES

NOW that everybody has decided that the war is nearer its end than its beginning, the Bright Brains that keep on turning to make us happy will have to decide what's coming next.

We must have something to get excited about and peace time is the Bright Brains' busy season.

★ ★ ★

War time is more or less of a holiday for them, because the war itself lasts as its chief topic for its own duration, but once peace breaks out we need a whole lot of things to keep us interested—one after another in rapid succession.

Looking back on the last peace makes one realise that the Bright Brains must be already sweating at the very prospect of the giant tasks ahead of them.

Oxford bags, short skirts, yo-yo, biff-bat, "wire-netting" bathing-dresses, non-stop dancing, nudist colonies, the Loch Ness monster. . . .

You could go on drawing up a list until you filled a copy of JOHN BULL.

Each one was good for about four weeks' average, and then the Bright Brains had to think out another one.

Somewhere, at this very moment, a Giant Intellect is drawing up the blueprints for a red-hot successor to those Oxford bags. And the Loch Ness monster has already made its first war time appearance!

When I read and hear about how different the world is going to be once the war is over I always want to smile. Perhaps you will smile, too, if you give it a thought. After all, we've had some.

You'd get the idea from the newspapers that everybody is going to run about the land indulging in Higher Citizenship and Serious Thought. Having had some, I know better.

Within two years of the Armistice some woman will be seen on Brighton beach with blue feet, or some man will turn out at Ascot with an ostrich feather hat. Or something like that.

Then it will begin.

Thousands of women with blue feet. Thousands of men in ostrich feather hats. Thousands of letters to all the editors to say they are mad and What Is The World Coming To.

Then somebody will invent something to take the place of yo-yo and the Peace will be well away.

I'm all in favour of it.

After all, it wasn't what the Silly Asses did during the last peace that landed us in this mess. It was what the Solemn Somebodies did.

"All work and no play. . . ." We've got to be serious, I know. But, being what we are, we've got to be silly as well. And I'm wondering what we're going to be silly about next.

Walking down the High Street on stilts, perhaps. Or wearing waistcoats made of glass. Or talking for twelve hours without stopping in order to win a championship.

There'll be something.

★ ★ ★

Yes, we've got to be serious. But black without white, up without down, in without out would make life so grim that none of us would be able to endure it.

We've been serious for a long time now.

It will be nice to be silly again.

A. G.

TREASURE TYRES

ALTHOUGH you may be using your cycle more than you did in peace time, those tyres have got to last longer.

Keep them well pumped, because 99 per cent. of tyre failures are caused by under-inflation.

Never let oil from the hub creep down the spokes. They can carry it to the rim tape, which is in contact with the inner tube.

When the back tyre shows signs of tread-wear, change it round with the front.

Make sure that the wheels are properly aligned. This may be accomplished by means of the chain-tension adjusting screws.

Finally, don't try to shave seconds off by scorching round corners at speed. This places severe strain on the side walls of the tyres, and may cause the canvas casing to split.

★ *Here, told for the first time, is the exciting story of the "S O S Ships"—and of the men who brave mines and bombs so that valuable merchantmen sunk by the enemy can sail again with war cargoes. In future, therefore—*

Don't Forget the Diver's War Thrills

Down he goes—a dangerous job in peace, and a horror in war. A bomb or mine explosion under sea would crush him like an egg-shell, and such men have had remarkable escapes from death

By HUGH D. KNAPP

THE U-boat commander, peering into his periscope, suddenly stiffened. A British convoy, with its escort of destroyers, came into the Nazi's sights. Selecting a 10,000-ton merchantman, he took careful aim, then gave the order to fire.

The "tin fish," sliding at high speed through the water, scored a direct hit upon the target.

At once the Hun took evasive action, and while lying on the ocean bed heard the sound of a distant explosion.

Later he reported that his U-boat had sunk a 10,000-tonner: a ship that might well have been loaded, with, among other things, 150 carcasses of lamb, 17,500 of mutton, 2,300 packages of frozen sundries, 1,900 bags of frozen veal, 400 bags of beef, 830 boxes of butter, and 40,000 crates of cheese.

A handsome victory—*had the ship been sunk.*

An "S O S Ship," answering the call for help, immediately left the safety of the harbour and rushed to the rescue. It was only a matter of hours before she had fixed a tow-rope on to the damaged vessel and hauled her "patient" to safety.

A valuable cargo was saved intact, but it is not always so easy as that.

Night and day, in fair weather and foul, tugs—those little "tough guys" of the sea—thrust their nose into the waves, get every inch of power from their shuddering engines, and speed to the rescue of some ship damaged by enemy or weather.

A short time ago, Sub-Lieutenant Fletcher, of the *Dexterous*, was ordered to proceed to the assistance of a merchantman, damaged by heavy seas, drifting 270 miles west of Iceland with vital cargo valued at £250,000.

It was a filthy night Huge waves crashed on to the deck, threatening at any moment to wash away the seamen who dared to pit their skill and courage against the elements.

At last, after what seemed weeks to the crew, but was only twenty-four hours, the damaged merchantman was spotted hard to port. She was wallowing beam-on to the 30-ft. seas, her deck cargo was shifting, and the rudder had dropped off during the 16-hour gale.

"It's not going to be an easy task to get a tow-line aboard," the skipper grunted. "*But we must.*"

And they did.

Into a Gale

The first rope snapped as if torn by some mighty hand, but the second, a thicker tow-line, stood the strain of wind and sea, and the long haul back to port began.

For hour after hour the little tug towed away, and every man aboard her wondered just how things were going to end. Then, to make matters worse, they ran into an even fiercer gale as they neared the coast.

Sub-Lieutenant Fletcher tried all the tricks of "the trade" in an effort to beat the gale. But when his efforts were in vain he gave the order to drop anchor.

So, lashed by heavy seas, and never knowing when a Nazi might make an attack, the *Dexterous* stood by.

The patience and endurance of her crew, however, paid high dividends. For the "little tough guy," her precious patient still in tow, later put into harbour four days and nine hours after commencing her task.

In the course of their work the "S O S Ships" receive valuable assistance from salvage vessels. These craft, from which divers operate, have probably brought more "Dead" ships to the surface, following successful torpedo attacks, than the German High Command imagines.

And we all know just *how* they can imagine!

Often working at high speed, for danger would immediately result if enemy 'planes located them, these divers, to bring any undertaking to a successful conclusion, will take very great risks.

A Very Near Miss

I remember talking to one diver, a native of Sunderland, who had a most thrilling experience when working beneath the sea. He was repairing a vessel that had been sunk by an E-boat when word came for him to return to the surface.

At once he slowly, but surely, made his way back to his comrades, and, when eventually on deck again, found them all white and somewhat shaken.

"What's the matter, chum?" he asked the nearest man. "You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"Ghost!" exclaimed the man. "If it hadn't been for a bit of luck we might all have been looking at angels right now."

When the diver was below, a German 'plane, sweeping in low over the sea, had aimed a torpedo at the salvage vessel.

The "tin-fish" had missed the ship by about two feet—passing over the diver's head during its journey—and run aground on a near-by beach. On the torpedo being examined, crude pictures of Churchill and Chamberlain were discovered painted on its casing.

"That didn't worry us," the diver told me with a grin. "We went back to work and quickly finished the job."

When a bomb explodes anywhere within 500 yards of a man working below the sea the underwater concussion usually results in his death. For all that, these men who dive for victory have nearly to be forced to leave their work when the alarm signal is given.

I remember when Ted Bland, one of our best-known divers, was working on a particularly dangerous job, lifting a mined ship some thirty feet below the surface. He was progressing well when enemy aircraft put in an appearance.

Earthquake at Sea

Suddenly the muddy sea-bed beneath his leaded boots shuddered. A Nazi machine had dropped a stick of bombs just over 500 yards away, and Bland, quick to appreciate the seriousness of the situation, agreed to return to the surface, if only for a few minutes.

And it was only for a few minutes! Anxious to get back to work, he was climbing down his ladder when a mine, laid by the Huns, exploded close to the ship.

The salvage vessel shuddered, and Bland's shipmates lost their colour, They know that the diver, had he been in the water, would have been crushed like an egg-shell by the explosion.

Bland, however, as calm and collected as if he were going to church, slid beneath the waves and went back to his work.

And that "Dead" ship, brought back to life by a body of men whom the U-boats look upon as some of their greatest foes, has since played an important part in carrying war material to Montgomery's gallants of the 8th Army, and Stalin's heroes of the Red Army.

Aid for Malta

When Malta was besieged, and every ship sunk by the enemy might mean a shortage of food and munitions the "S O S Ships" and divers played noble rôles.

Once, when a merchantman, loaded with food, was torpedoed just below the water-line by an Italian 'plane, a salvage vessel, with a Maltese diver, Giuseppe Gauci, aboard, sped to the rescue.

For two hours he worked hard repairing the damage, while Spitfires from Malta went up and fought off the enemy bombers sent out to "finish off" the merchantman.

And that valuable vessel, together with its cargo, was saved.

In their quiet manner these unsung heroes of the deep are playing big parts in the war against the U-boat, but to them "The Job's the Thing."

They're certainly doing "Some Job!"

VOICE

JOIN the Navy and see the world! So men who fought at Narvik, Dunkirk, Crete, and Singapore eventually reached Nashville, Tennessee! Sub.-Lt. J. G. Sharp, R.N.V.R., tells his story in a letter to his mother at Boreland Drive, Glasgow:

On our way from New York by train to another coast we stopped at Nashville, Tennessee, and as that is an inland town the local people had never seen any members of the Royal Navy, so we had a right royal welcome.

Most of us had been in engagements from the Arctic to the tropics, and the Nashvillians were eagerly interested in our stories. Strange, too, that they speak pure English rather than the American we heard in New York.

Among our party was Petty Officer Manning, who has seen almost continuous sea duty since 1939. He was at Narvik, Dunkirk, Crete, and Singapore.

Another was P.O. J. P. Johnstone, from Dundee, who has been "Down three times." When one of his ships was torpedoed in the North Atlantic he was in the cold water for sixteen hours, but he is still fighting fit.

The hospitality we received in Nashville was a bit overwhelming, but sailors don't care!

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Serving with the R.A.F. in India, L.A.C. C. Clements has been up in the "hills" near Tibet—and likes it. He writes to his parents at Penylan Place, Edgware:

You will have heard that I was due for some "hill" leave—well, here I am, literally perched on the roof of the world, with Tibet only forty-five miles away.

Our camp is on a "hill" only a mere 7,000 feet up; the nearest I am likely to get to heaven. And it's lovely.

Last evening, after a heavy thunderstorm, the clouds cleared, the sun came out, and there just behind us was "Kinchenjunga," the second highest mountain in the world, in all its snow-clad majesty. No wonder the Tibetans call it the Holy Mountain!

Soon we hope to ascend another "hill," from the summit of which we hope to see Mount Everest. We shall do the journey partly on ponies, which is an improvement on walking.

THE GREAT BLOW

Serving at a general hospital in North Africa, Sister J. H. Round finds plenty of excitement, and describes it to her mother at Gladstone Road, Farnborough Kent:

It was about 4 p.m., and I was sitting in the ante-room having a cup of tea when a batman came dashing in with a shout of "Here it comes!"

He meant the Sirocco, and although we had experienced several small ones, we did not bargain for anything like this.

The batman had hardly finished speaking when there was a mighty roar, and before we knew what had hit us, tables and chairs were overturned and everything within sight was scattered around us as if a mad giant had swept through the place.

Half our china was broken. A tea-urn was blown off a table and the tea "drowned" several sisters. They looked as if they had been rolling in mud, as the cloud of dust had mixed with the tea with which they had been drenched.

Within a few seconds the whole place was full of broken glass and china, blinding sand and dust were everywhere. Four tents were blown down—including

OF THE TROOPS

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

ward that had been erected by P.O.W. nly that morning.

However, we had no serious casualties, nd it was much cooler after the "blow."

LYING ON NAILS

Also serving with the R.A.F. in India is L.A.C. T. Thompson, who writes to a friend at Summers Road, Erdington, Birmingham:

Talk about Fred Astaire—you ought o see these dancing dervishes! Non-top performances, and hurling them-elves through the air with the greatest f ease.

Then there are fakirs (not fakers), ho lie on nail-studded boards. The ails are sharp all right, but the fakirs eem to like 'em that way. One of our

An uncomfortable seat doesn't seem to worry him, but at least one British soldier won't try it again

lads thought it was a fake, so he sat on the board, but got up quick—punctured in many places!

INTERNEE ESCAPES

Here is the first letter from an Austrian anti-Nazi, who had for years been interned by the Vichy authorities in North Africa, but was liberated by Allied Forces. Allowed to join the Foreign Pioneer Company of the British Army, L./Cpl. A. Schatsberger writes to a friend in London:

The day of liberation came. After years in concentration camps, I simply ran away and reported to the British.

They helped us magnificently. At once they enlisted us into the Army, gave us precious Army passes which turned us into soldiers, and thus made us secure at last from the persecution of the Nazi-dominated Vichy authorities.

Now we are soldiers, under the command of a fine British major, working and ready to fight for Democracy and the Allies.

But we are enjoying ourselves at the same times. We are giving concerts in off-duty hours and have been called the "Singing Pioneers"—thanks to the Viennese in our company.

STORMING AN ISLAND

"The capture of an island in the Near East is vividly described by A.B. M. Channon, R.N., in a letter to his father at Langton Road, Rugby:

Our force was made up of cruisers and destroyers, and as we approached the harbour the island was subjected to heavy aerial bombardment. On top of that, the cruisers and the destroyers opened fire at almost point-blank range.

By this time the island was clouded with smoke from fires that had broken out in all directions. More bombers and fighters went in to attack until it seemed that the sky was full of them. As our bombers finished their job, Flying Fortresses went in to complete the work.

It was devastating, and clearly the island couldn't last out much longer. Then white flags were hoisted and we knew that the enemy had had enough.

Meanwhile, landing craft took ashore the storming parties, which reached their objectives in twenty-two minutes. There were minor clashes with our troops, owing to the fact that isolated units of the enemy were unaware that the island had surrendered.

Later we were attacked by enemy aircraft without effect. We managed to drop some of these aircraft, so all ended well.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

THE Government should clarify the position *re* cigarettes for the Services t reduced prices. Some Y.M.C.A. and .V.S. canteens are only allowed to sell t shop prices. Manchester Y.M.C.A. has igarettes at reduced Services rate, yet t Sheffield (forty miles away) the .M.C.A. canteen people are compelled o sell at shop prices. It doesn't make ense.—"Transport Driver," R.A.F.

★ ★ ★

At our factory every time the manager an officer comes in, all heavy work ust stop so that they can talk without outing! In this way many working ours are lost.—"War Worker," Hants.

★ ★ ★

Last week, three women were convas-ng carpets in a car, using valuable etrol and charging extortionate prices—e., 35s. for a pre-war 3s. 11d. mat, and ve guineas for a pre-war £1 carpet. A aste of woman-power and people's money.—Mrs. Gwen L. Wall, Sherwood, Nottingham.

★ ★ ★

Mothers of schoolchildren would be less worried if they could buy good, hard-wearing shoes for children instead of shoddy top-priced goods which last only a week before the soles are worn through. —"Wits End," Barton-on-Humber, Lincs.

★ ★ ★

A nineteen-year-old girl with an invalid mother and two young sisters is called up and refused exemption. Yet in a neighbouring village, the vicar (two in family) is allowed to keep two servants! —"Observer," Bucks.

★ ★ ★

An M.P. says that young couples should have at least four children. What nonsense this must sound to young mothers who are refused rooms or flats because they have only one child!—Mrs. Giltrow, West Ealing.

IT CAN'T BE BLASPHEMOUS TO RELIEVE SUFFERING!

★ **If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

SOME of the bitterest quarrels are caused because the contending parties mean different things by the same word.

If I am told that Mr. Smith is not a Christian, am I to understand that he is a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a Pagan, that he cannot believe in the story of Jonah and Noah's ark, or that he is living an evil life?

I know a lady, writes a reader, who believes in evolution. She has studied biology and thinks that all life began in tiny organisms floating in the sea, and that human beings developed from animal ancestors.

Can such a person really be a Christian? Her beliefs are contrary to the teachings of Genesis. We are taught to believe in the Bible, but if we hold the ideas of science surely we cannot claim to be called Christians?

It might surprise the reader to learn how many clergymen and ministers of religion believe in the theory of evolution. I suggest he should put his difficulty to them.

Astronomers and geologists are convinced that Creation has taken millions of years, but that does not make it any less wonderful.

As for his anxiety about the lady who studies biology, let him ask himself whether she is living a straight, unselfish life.

The patient slips into painless sleep, but there are still people who say she should be made to suffer for the sin of Adam and Eve!

If she is, what is there to worry about? You can't interfere with another person's honest thinking in a country which values freedom!

No one seems to read the Bible as they should, writes another man, **and to a Christian student it is surprising to see such eagerness to make childbirth easier. This is contrary to the Divine injunction: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." (Genesis iii, 16.)**

By what right does mankind claim authority to defy the law of God? Can you, sir, as a Christian and a lover of humanity, answer that question?

It is no answer to say that I am a man and therefore do not understand. I cannot know the experience, but I do know my Bible. Is there an answer?

One heard this argument years ago, and I thought it was never used nowadays. Our grandfathers and grandmothers said it was sinful to use anæsthetics in surgery because God intended us to suffer for the sins of our first parents

AS a young boy, I felt it was grossly unfair that billions of people should be punished for the disobedience of Adam and Eve.

I don't think I could be considered a lover of humanity if I opposed anything that could relieve suffering.

If we have been endowed with brains and skill surely it would be wrong not to use them in a merciful cause? How could any man refuse to do a kindness to another human being in great pain? Would he be a Christian if he did refuse?

It would be interesting to know what young mothers have to say about the problem.

Here is a letter from a soldier:

I am not much given to serious thinking, but recently I have lost three friends through illness, and it has set me wondering. Why does God allow such things as cancer to rack the bodies and minds of countless thousands."

When I was a boy at school our teacher told us that everything on earth has a purpose, but I can see no purpose in the tiny, horrible devils responsible for tuberculosis and other diseases.

I have tossed about in bed for hours worrying over this problem. Can you answer this as you have answered so many others? I might mention that I read your column with interest every week and have done so since I was about twelve years old!

I can't help wondering why the teacher said that everything had a purpose, and how he would explain the fact that so many creatures have already become extinct.

If a certain kind of mosquito was specially created to carry the germs of tropical fever, are the scientists who destroy this mosquito acting contrary to the Divine plan?

Really, these ideas make me impatient. I had rather believe that the bacteria of disease were created by the devil with the aim of spoiling the world. There is something peculiarly devilish in the way these creatures live.

And it is hard to reconcile the cancer with a Creation that was pronounced to be "very good."

I am writing candidly, and I am fully aware some readers will want to slay me. But :—

I consider it is dangerous to pick on stray texts here and there, and build a whole philosophy upon them. One can prove almost anything by that method.

ODD MOMENTS

EVERY day has a few odd moments in which we can meditate, when memories crowd into our heart and Time seems to softly wait. While we store our thoughts so precious, like pot-pourri in Life's deep bowls. Odd moments hold lovely healing things, with which we refresh our souls.

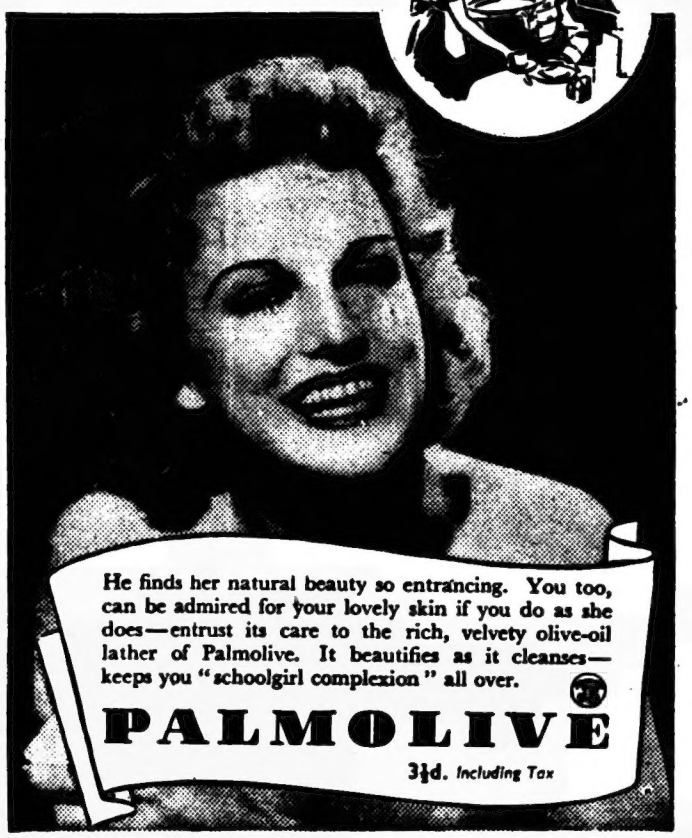
EVERY life has its great odd moments, when we rise beyond normal height, and we take our stand, however hard, for the things that are good and right. When we gather the stars about us, and the world looks small and dim, when we hear down the winds of heaven the heroes' challenging hymn.

EVERY life has its clear odd moments, when we see things which were obscure, when we know the difference between the things which are passing and which endure. When we walk near God and Heaven, and come to understand; that Life, and Death, and Heaven, and Earth, are the Outline of God's Hand.

J. M.

Loved at first sight . . . that

Schoolgirl Complexion!



He finds her natural beauty so entrancing. You too, can be admired for your lovely skin if you do as she does—entrust its care to the rich, velvety olive-oil lather of Palmolive. It beautifies as it cleanses—keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

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LAST LAUGH

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I find I work better now that I have had my den decorated in bronze." You like to sit in a brown study?

F. B. (Kettering).—"An expert fishmonger can fillet a plaice in seventy seconds." And make no bones about it?

GAMEKEEPER (Ely).—"The war has made rabbits much less timid than they used to be." They have evidently heard that a woman cannot get a sealskin coat now without a lot of coupons.

J. L. (Boston).—"A lot of valuable time and money could be saved in war time if everybody did without solicitors." A new slogan, "Is your attorney really necessary?" seems to be indicated.

T. M. (Bath).—"No one can really tell when and where the next offensive will start." You don't know our barber.

DUSTMAN (Ealing).—"I had a row with the depot foreman and then landed him one on the chin which stretched him out among the rubbish heaps." Obviously he must have felt down in the dumps!

L. D. (Luton).—"When the gunman demanded his money, the bank cashier delivered a knock-out blow by swinging a huge bag of coins." So he paid him out in hard cash!

Miss B. N. (Blackpool).—"I've made a list of all the people I'm going to meet and mark off those I don't like. This morning I had a row with the landlord." So we presume you ticked him off, too.

Miss D. C. (Lewisham).—"My brother was caught by the officer in the act of talking to a girl when he was doing sentry duty." So he was taken off his guard?

MRS. A. K. (Leeds).—"My son has got such long arms that I cannot put anything out of his reach Yet he doesn't like it when I speak to him about it." He continues to adopt a high-handed attitude!

B. P. (Chatham).—"The thief was seen by a battery of Press photographers as they were taking pictures." So he was caught in a flash?

I. P. H. (Bridport).—"What with income tax, flag days and a large family to keep, what is there left for a man to spend?" Holidays at Home.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I got a cousin in the States, yer know! Lives somewhere between Boston and San Diego. Maybe you've met 'im?"

Side-Slips

THE GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Mr. A. P. D——, K.C., who defended accused, pointed out that it was impossible to convince a man of having stolen a set quantity of articles. . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"I watched with fascination the AERODROME perform a series of astonishing evolutions. . . ."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"The air was balmy, the LIVER lovely, the scenery beautiful."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—"He was given £14 in which to pay."

BIRKENHEAD NEWS: — ". . . he became a driver on the electric trams in 1901 . . . where he continued without a BEAK. . . ."

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,387

E. Ashforth, 71, Station Lane, Oughtibridge, Nr. Sheffield, for this "Bullet":

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£10: A. Booth, 19, Berry Lane, Longridge, Lancs.

To Please The Sergeant—Failed—But Satisfied Montgomery!

£5: F. Hodges, 60, Queens Rd., Basingstoke. Knock-out Blow—"I'll Deliver It, Madam!"

£4: Nurse M. B. Campbell, 30, Ryelands St., Hereford. Knock-out Blow—Our "One Aim" Hastening.

£3: O.R.Q.M.S. J. Wood, Somewhere-in-Britain. String Of Defeats—Now Making Hitler "Marionette."

£2: R. L. Wright, 65, St. Mary's Park, Paignton. I Suggest—Foreman Recommends—Boss Patents!

RADIO PRIZES NEXT WEEK

9 PRIZES OF 20s.:

W. A. Bavin, 2, Bush St., Bristol.
The New Servant—Deciding Who's "Boss." Air.
Mrs. M. Blackwill, 2, Culmington Rd., Ealing, W.13.
The New Household—Beware Old Radio-tic Becoming!
R. M. Cannon, 23, Clarence St., Ilkeston.
Something In The Wind—Disturbing Hitler's "Fair-weather Friends."
C. Cooke, 11, Bellair Tce., St. Ives.
Our Ledger—"Invader" With "Big Tank."
G. W. M. Jones, Borthwen, The Green, Denbigh.
Something In The Air—When Luftwaffe "Drops" Goering!
J. Lamb, 204, Knowsley Rd., St. Helens.
Hampers The War Effort—Spending. Assuming Germany "Spent."

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 200 of 3s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

CHEQUES FOR 29

RESULT OF XWORD 339

WINNING WORDS: 1. Dandy. 2. Clear. 3. Lean. 4. Bell. 5. Drag. 6. Leg. 7. Ballet. 8. Bone. 9. Face. 10. Crown. 11. Prim. 12. Gall. 13. Pipe. 14. Chance.

£100 SHARERS: List of the 29 sharers, each receiving cheque for £3 9s. this week, is too long for this column, but will be published in *Crossword Gazette* dated August 28.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 185 entrants.

£500 XWORD TOURNAMENT RESULT: Tournament conducted in connection with Contests 329 to 339 resulted in 85 entrants sharing the £500 cash, each receiving cheque for £5 17s. 8d. List of sharers available on application.

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Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

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LIXEN

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L488

GREATEST OF THESE

● In hospital with pulmonary tuberculosis is Joseph Derbyshire, who served in the last war. His wife is also unfit for work because of lung disease, and recently was further handicapped by foot trouble. Her daughter, aged sixteen, had to leave work to look after her mother.

Happily, Mrs. Derbyshire's foot trouble is over. She is now exceedingly anxious to visit her husband in hospital, but cannot afford to pay her fare.

The family's total income is only 33s. a week, from which rent, furniture and insurance take 18s.

So you cannot be surprised that Mrs. Derbyshire is in arrears with some payments. Underfed and worrying over the impossible task of making ends meet, her chance of complete recovery from her illness is greatly lessened.

The family doctor vouches for the authenticity of the facts stated in this appeal.

We ask readers to help this poor woman by sending donations earmarked "Despondent," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Xword No. 339 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.		3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.		3d	3d	3d
1	STATE OF BRIDGE MAY AFFECT VALUE OF THIS	VI LA				
2	MAKES HIGH-SPIRITED REBEL CHAFE	CHAI				
3	IS NOT NECESSARILY BETTER WHEN MATURED	PO T				
4	MAY GET SO HOT THAT TROOPS HAVE TO END THEIR PRACTICE	UN				
5	HOUNDS ENJOY IT	ME T				
6	CALLS FOR SPECIAL CARE IN WINTER	CHIL				
7	SUFFERS DURING FIGHT FOR BARGAINS AT SALE	ST FF				
8	PRISONERS ARE THIS DURING TERM IN GAOL	WAR ED				
9	MAN DRIVEN REALLY DESPERATE IS LIKELY TO BECOME	SHAR				
10	YOU DON'T ALWAYS FIND IT IN CELLAR	CO L				
11	ORATOR'S IS LIKELY TO PROVOKE AMUSEMENT	BUL				
12	IS APT TO BE SLOW AND HEAVY	OB				
13	MODERN YOUTHS ARE NOT SO ADDICTED TO	DRAM				
14	GROCER IS LIKELY TO FIND OLD STOCK OF MEAL BECOMING THIS	WOR Y				

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 18

P.O. Value..... **CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 6**

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

343

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4. Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

DOUBLED 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK!

WIN BULLETS **£100** CASH for 23 or 4 WORDS

1281 OTHER AWARDS

£10 £5 £4 £3 £2

6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

250 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Sept. 17.

TO SAVE THE WORLD
SHINING THROUGH
FIRST OF THE FEW
FLUTTER IN THE DOVE-COTES
NOT TO BE
MAN WHO GETS THERE
TATTERED AND TORN
OUR PLUMBER
HOPE WE DON'T

POWER OF PUBLICITY
SOMEWHERE TO SLEEP
THIEF IN THE NIGHT
BE ON YOUR GUARD AND
PEOPLE NEXT DOOR
A MOUTHFUL
THE MAYOR SPOKE AND
WAR-TIME BABY
AT AUNTIE'S BAZAAR
FOR THE REST
IF GRANDMA'S CALLED UP

BULLETS 1,387 RESULT appears on page 14

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FOR A BIT OF.....
IN THE ..... QUEUE
USED TO.....
COVERED WITH .....
SAFE IN THE .....
MY WIFE AND.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 18. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF CUT-OUT SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. ..... Closing Postmark, **1,391** Monday, Sept. 6

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,391 or Xword No. 343, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

VIRGINIAS

RED SQUARES
A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia, 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11

BROWN SQUARES
A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7

YELLOW SQUARES
Similar style to Matured Virginia, but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type - per oz. 2/7

PURPLE SQUARES
Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavoursome and long-lasting - per oz. 2/7

★

MIXTURES

BLUE SQUARES
A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma, but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11

GREEN SQUARES
A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf - per oz. 2/7

TOBACCO, *pipe, all ranks, for the use of*

What's this? Blimey! They must be making an issue of FOUR SQUARE That's the only baccy that suits all ranks and tastes, seeing it's made in 6 different blends, and has no artificial scent or flavouring. Make out an indent, Jones. Here's the list.

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LIMITED, PAISLEY, LONDON

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill—perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell—new ounces gained each week.

'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

By enrolling your dog or cat on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against *everyday* risks as well as the hazards of wartime. The benefits include: FREE VETERINARY TREATMENT in case of street accidents. PROTECTION AGAINST LOSS—unless identified, stray dogs and cats can legally be destroyed; if *registered*, however, they are cared for by Narpac until arrangements are made for their return home. PROTECTION AGAINST AIR-RAID RISKS, a Narpac service which has Government recognition and support.

Remember, registration is a *permanent* safeguard — and 1/- a year is all it costs. Enrol your dog or cat now.

NARPAC ANIMAL REGISTER

POST THIS to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond St. House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.
I enclose.....shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for.....dog(s) .....cat(s). Subscription: 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss) .....
IN CAPITALS PLEASE
ADDRESS .....

J.B.

Mars Bars are simply packed with delicious goodness. Make the most of them by cutting each bar into slices.

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Mars

GET AT THE CAUSE OF SICK HEADACHES

If you suffer from the misery of sick headaches, remember the Golden Rule—a gentle, regular, movement of the bowels. Beecham's Pills will ensure this—for they are the perfect laxative.

90% OF DAILY ILLS ARE DUE TO CONSTIPATION!

How can you keep well if you suffer the least bit from constipation? Your whole digestive system is held up—the result is stomach upsets, sick headaches, liverishness and general out-of-sorts. Bodily wastes, instead of finding a prompt and proper exit, get into all parts of your system by way of the circulation — no wonder you feel good for nothing. So, take your Beecham's Pills—keep your blood pure, and you'll find your sick headaches have gone for good.

Take Beecham's Pills
1/4 & 3/2 (incl. Purch. Tax)
Also in Pennyworths.
Worth a guinea a box

The leg that wouldn't heal is well again.

Skin disorders are often slow and difficult to clear up because germs are poisoning the sore place and will not let it heal.

Until these germs have been killed there can be no healing. Dettol Ointment kills germs – it contains 'Dettol'. This new curative germ-killing ointment fights for you; fights to destroy the germs that make sore places slow to heal.

Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the inflammation, but sinks deep into the skin tissue to help the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean, new, healthy skin. *From all Chemists 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax*

DETTOL OINTMENT
HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

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